Bombing the North *The Editors*

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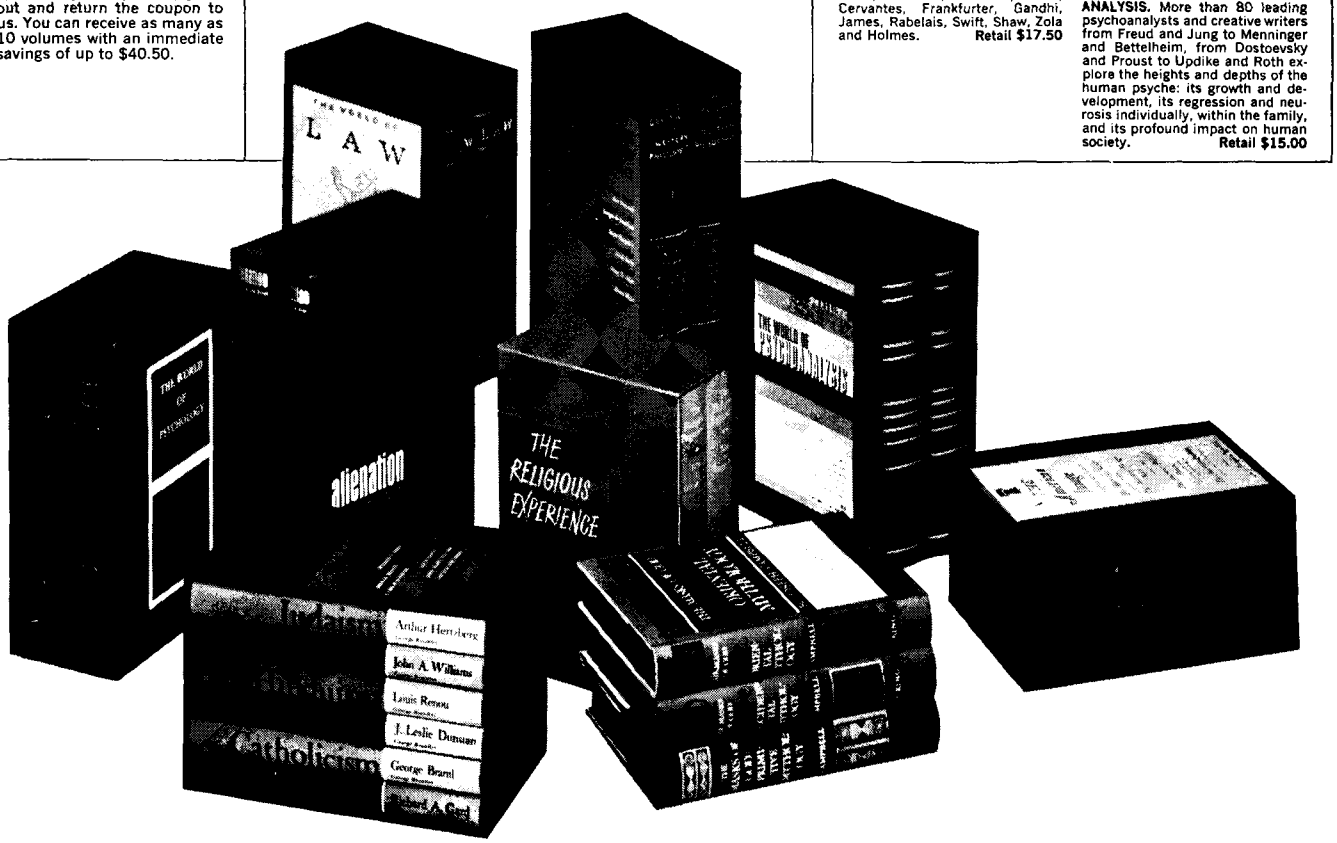

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

Some Stand Up

★ Every now and then a real, old-fashioned, hell-raising reformer strikes Washington and then for awhile all the birds sing. After you have been around awhile you can tell these people almost by instinct. Sometimes it is a young newspaperman, come up from some provincial journal with a watchful look in his eye and the tired old hacks read his copy and rub their hands and say, "Got it boy."

Sometimes it is a new congressman there have have been rumors about, who begins saying and doing things that attract attention, a Bob LaFollette from Wisconsin or a George Norris from Nebraska. They stick out their necks, and before you know it they have overthrown some venerable outrage, like Speaker Cannon.

Sometimes it is in the drab, underpaid government offices where they generally don't get their names in the paper at all, or not for 20 years. They have every incentive to take it easy, go along with the bureaucracy and forget about things at 5 o'clock. Or they can say, "No, I'm here for the public; I can't live with myself if I don't buck the system!" We think of how the legendary Dr. Harvey Wiley got through the 1906 Pure Food and Drugs Act.

More recently we think of Frances Kelsey, the pharmacologist, who kept the "wonder drug" thalidomide off the commercial market, almost single-handed, in the face of the most intense corporate pressure. There she worked in a temporary building, a carpetless, shabby barracks, with the pastel green paint peeling off the plaster, and Dr. Kelsey kept American mothers from having deformed babies with flipper arms and legs that their European sisters were having in the 60's.

These reformer types don't have to be blatant and noisy. We think of Estes Kefauver, tall, owl-like, infinitely patient, with a deceptively quiet voice. Year after year, beginning in 1959, he held his drug hearings, bucking the Senate conservatives and one of the most powerful lobbies in Washington. He ran his subcommittee, but after he had beaten out a good bill to protect your health and mine, the chairman of the full committee, James Eastland of Miss., met with two conservative Republicans, Everett Dirksen (Ill.) and Roman Hruska (Neb.), and representatives from the HEW Department and decided, at an unannounced meeting, what the bill really should contain. They represented The Establishment. They were against the "wild-man."

On June 11, 1962, Kefauver denounced them on the Senate floor; Eastland simply explained that the original reform bill was too sweeping; "it had no chance of passage." The winsome Silurian, Dirksen, said Kefauver was just interested in headlines. Well, the thalidomide scandal broke, and senators who had sneered at Estes tumbled over each other to strengthen and pass his bill.

We got to thinking about these things because we read the speech that Dr. James L. Goddard, the new chief of the Food & Drug Administration made the other day down in Florida to the annual meeting of the Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association. It made us happy because it had the old authentic ring. Goddard told the drug manufacturers that they had "shocked" him. He gave chapter and verse: advertising that was blatantly deceptive, compounds whose deleterious side-effects were concealed, a cancer drug whose proposed warning, "Not recommended for use in children" might have said, "Questionable for any use at all."

No doubt we all have a tinge of the reformer. What A. Powell Davies used to call "the temptation to be good" beguiles us and leads us into awkward paths if we're not careful. But it is nice now and then to see a man, and a government official at that, who does stand up and call his shots. In three months in office Goddard has warned colleges on the use of hallucinatory drugs; removed some remedies from the market as unsafe; refused FDA certification to about 200 brands of antibiotic throat lozenges, saying they're no good; explored possible criminal violations in drug testing; and told the powerful industry to its face to brace its shoulders, lift its chin, and snap to attention. Somewhere over yonder we can see Kefauver lifting that coonskin cap.

The Decisive Test

★ Events in Vietnam are following just about the course predicted in the Kennan-Gavin-Ridgway testimony before Sen. J. W. Fulbright. Hawks scorned them last February. Yet the witnesses didn't advocate precipitate withdrawal. They warned against unlimited military expansion and false hopes of complete victory. "There seems to be an impression," George Kennan testified February 10, "that if we bring sufficient military pressure to bear there will occur at some point something in the nature of a political capitulation by the other side. I think this is a most dangerous assumption."

Congressmen have trooped back from Easter recess with sober faces. Many found constituents going through anxious disillusionment. Where is that idea that Vietnam is a gallant little country fighting unitedly against a hateful foreign invader, or that the US is unselfishly devastating the place at the plea of dedicated patriots? As reporter Peter Lisagor puts it, "Buddha himself probably couldn't figure out what the Venerable Tri Quang wants." Well, we think we know what he wants. He wants out for a war-weary following, with Buddhists on top, of course, and the country neutralized against the Communists and capitalists, too.

You hear less talk about Vietnam being "the decisive test against Communism" or the allegation that this is not a civil war. It's been a funny mood in Washington this past week; Congress gone, President gone, everybody waiting for a lead from somebody while the mobs paraded. Personally we've never had much faith in an "election" in South Vietnam, a place that is neither literate, a democracy, nor even in a strict sense a country. The party that runs the election, we assume, will win the election.

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Bombing the North

The Chinese have shot down two American planes in the past six months, claiming they were over Chinese territory; the Department of Defense says the Navy plane brought down over Luichow peninsula last week "probably strayed from its course through faulty navigation," and that the pilot of the Air Force jet shot down over Hainan Island last September was "detained" by the Chinese when he parachuted to earth. The Russians, meanwhile, have provided North Vietnam with Soviet missiles; Soviet technicians may be manning them. The missiles around Hanoi were designed especially for knocking down B-52s, which the United States used for the first time last week against North Vietnam. The attack by 30 B-52s on Mu Gia Pass, on the Laos-North Vietnam border, was the world's biggest air raid since World War II; it beat anything the Air Force mounted during the Korean War. The eight-engined planes dropped 1.4 million pounds of bombs from over 20,000 feet, finding their targets by radar.

The targets they will henceforth seek in North Vietnam will be, at first, key road junctions, railroad yards and military training areas. There is, however, growing clamor in the Pentagon for destruction by B-52s of North Vietnam's oil supplies, electric power and factories, in an effort to beat that stubborn regime to its knees, and thus somehow bring the Viet Cong in the South to their knees also. This must mean massive air raids on both Hanoi and Haiphong, where there are oil-storage depots and factories; and where the Soviet missiles are. The Pentagon has already dropped little hints to military correspondents to expect B-52 losses caused by Soviet missiles, which can knock down big bombers flying as high as 50,000 feet. To minimize B-52 losses, attempts will probably be made to take out missiles in advance of the raids, using fast fighter-bombers. But the Russians aren't going to run away if this happens; they will put in more missiles and perhaps more technicians. The nearby Chinese, not to be outshone, are likely to help defend North Vietnam's industrial vitals with fighter planes. The US might then be obliged to bomb Chinese airfields; the warning has already been given that we won't let hostile forces find sanctuary by retiring behind an international frontier, but will hotly pursue them. Thus, not content with pounding North Vietnam from air bases in Thailand, which US aircraft have been doing for some time, we are also going to hit North Vietnam regularly from Guam with B-52s. All the consequences of this decision cannot be foreseen; but the raids will surely intensify Peking's phobia about encirclement,

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and raise the risk of an undeclared war against North Vietnam sliding into a war with both Russia and China.

Before the Administration gets itself irrevocably committed to such a ghastly course, it owes the world an explanation of why we must stay where we are at any cost, what great moral purpose is being defended, how our national security is thereby served. From what fate worse than death must we save the Vietnamese people? In our judgment, what South Vietnam most needs, now, is not merely a new set of rulers, but a cease-fire and peace discussions among all the various factions in Vietnam. That is what the Administration should be quietly encouraging.

Sen. Richard B. Russell, chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee, said at Conyers in Georgia on April 8 that, "If it becomes clearly evident that a majority of the Vietnamese do not want our help, I would favor withdrawing immediately both military forces and economic aid." Sen. John Sherman Cooper (R, Ky.) concurred several days later: "If the people of South Vietnam do not want to continue the struggle, it is obvious to me that the United States should not continue it for them." Such sentiments are at least the beginning of wisdom. But while Senator Russell talks of an "agonizing reappraisal" of American policy toward Vietnam, the discredited General Ky gives some different advice: "I have told the Americans," he said in Saigon, "that some day soon they will have to have a face-to-face confrontation with China, and that to solve the war in Vietnam they will have to attack China." How many Americans in Vietnam or in Washington, frustrated by the political chaos in the South and the inconclusiveness of our military efforts to date, privately share that view?

The prevailing hope in what is obviously a deeply divided Administration is that political anarchy in the South can be brought to an end and another government glued together which has wider popular support, and that meanwhile the chaos in the South can be offset by pounding the North harder. But if once again the Administration's expectations do not materialize, will the prevailing view then be that we are foredoomed to fight China, as Ky says? If that is the direction in which the Administration moves, now is the time to consider its significance. The country should be told that we will have to reckon with a hostile Russia, and that in any such confrontation the United States may have South Korea at its side but probably nobody else: not Britain or France or Germany or India or Japan.

If, however, as the President's associates insist, Mr. Johnson wants no part of any war with China, and, on the contrary, would like not only to resume a constructive dialogue with the Russians but work toward some understanding with China, he can begin by adopting U Thant's proposal and stop bombing the North.

Labor Comes to Life In the Grape Fields

Sixty-eight striking grape workers on March 17 started walking the 300 miles from Delano to Sacramento, up the long Central Valley of California. The strikers, mostly Mexican-Americans, carried the banner of Our Lady of Guadalupe before them; their motto was *"Peregrinacion – Penitencia – Revolucion!"* The pilgrimage and the penitence were not followed by the revolution, but by the time the strikers reached the state capital on Easter Sunday, the end of their strike was in sight. They were in Lodi, 40 miles and three days from Sacramento, when Schenley Industries announced that its Delano ranch – second largest of the 35 struck – would recognize the right of the workers to organize, and would begin collective bargaining for a contract.

It was the first break in the strike which began on September 8, when 1,300 Filipino workers, led by an AFL-CIO organizing committee, walked out of the grape fields. Ten days later, 1,500 Mexican-Americans in the independent National Farm Workers Association joined the strike. Through the fall harvesting and the winter pruning, the workers struck with a ferocity not seen in American labor wars since the 1930's. From the beginning, the tone had been set by the Farm Workers Association; its methods derived from the Southern civil-rights movement and slum-organizing efforts. It attracted students, clergymen and professional anti-poverty warriors of various political shades. It also inspired the wrath of the growers, who alternately refused to acknowledge the existence of the strike, and tried desperately to break it. Schenley's ranchmen sprayed the strikers with crop chemicals; most of the ranchers imported cheap (and unsuspecting) labor from out-of-state.

Senator Robert Kennedy visited the strikers last month, when a Senate subcommittee on farm labor held hearings in the Central Valley. He asked the Kern County (Delano) District Attorney: "I understand that strikebreakers were recruited without notice of the strike and . . . under California law, that is illegal?" The DA said he had heard of such a case: "I told the grower not to let it happen again," he replied.

With hostility from local officials and the area's congressman, Harlan Hagan, and with only fractional economic impact on the growers, the strike settled into a bitter stalemate. Then the FWA began a nationwide boycott of Schenley's: pickets were thrown around supermarkets which carried Schenley products; two million pledge-and-protest cards were distributed around the country; 16 FWA workers were dispatched, with $75 each, to the 16 largest US cities to set up

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boycott offices. Outside sympathizers set up 117 committees to spread the boycott word.

"Big labor," which had been skeptical about the strike, began to get excited. At the AFL-CIO convention in December, Walter Reuther made a strong pitch for support of Delano, and came to encourage the strikers with a Christmas gift of $10,000 and a pledge of $5,000 monthly (after some initial jurisdictional confusion, the money is now coming in regularly). Some Teamsters' members who had been "scabbing" during the early months of the strike (they had transported grapes picked by strikebreakers) began to show greater respect for the picket lines. They refused to distribute grapes from a large San Francisco warehouse. Other independent labor groups (Harry Bridges' longshoremen and the Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers) and a few of the more militant AFL-CIO unions began to help out.

What astounded older labor leaders was the energy and creativity of the FWA strikers. They did not just carry placards. "We were up at 5 a.m., we screamed and hollered and led scabs out of the field and held rallies all the time," an FWA worker said. And it was more than a strike. The FWA, with an unpaid staff of 275, ran a medical clinic and a strike store; the strikers raised money and bought 38 acres of land on which they hope to build a cooperative; they put out a good muckraking newspaper, *El Macriado*. The FWA, also began to set up organizing operations in other parts of the state.

Schenley's was not about to go under, but the boycott was damaging its public relations image. Jackie Robinson was hired to write an article for a trade journal proclaiming Schenley's liberalism (it had hired a Negro as vice president – his brother-in-law, and practiced "equality in employment"). An advertising campaign was proposed by Schenley's to Negro and liberal publications. It was not enough (Schenley's stock price slipped five points during the boycott), and the company caved in to strike pressure. The next day the Christian Brothers' wineries, which are in another part of California, and not being struck, announced its support of the FWA, and the DiGiorgio ranch – the largest in Delano – began to inch toward a settlement; it proposed an election to decide on union representation, but only the strikebreakers and not the striking DiGiorgio workers would be allowed the vote. The grape workers turned down the proposal and last week announced the beginning of a nationwide DiGiorgio boycott (S and W foods and TreeSweet fruit juices).

The strikers were jubilant as they gathered for their Easter *fiesta* in Sacramento. Labor leaders flew out from the East to greet them. The only sour note was Governor Pat Brown's refusal to meet with the strikers. He had not come to the strike during its seven months, although in February he told a political convention, "I will go to Delano." On Easter Sunday, he and his family were with Frank Sinatra in Palm Springs. He had offered to meet with the FWA leader, Cesar Chavez, on Easter Monday. Chavez refused: the point was not to talk with a leader, but to encourage the marchers. Then the Governor said he would come on the Saturday before Easter. The strikers mulled over the offer, and they refused; they said that they had marched 300 miles and were away from their homes on Easter, and the Governor should tear himself away from his vacation for a few hours, too. Brown remained steadfast. Furthermore, he said the state legislators had "more than enough to do" at the upcoming special session without considering any legislation granting organizing rights to farm workers.

The strikers believe they have enough momentum now to win the growers' acceptance. Where they go from there is problematic. Chavez has been flooded with offers to tackle other areas, but he cannot find the trained organizers to do the jobs. He told the strikers in Delano not to worry about other towns for a while: "We still are on strike against 33 ranches." Last Wednesday, pickets were out at 5:30 a.m. to meet a busload of strikebreakers brought in from El Paso, Texas. At the bus station, a picket captain found a Mexican *mariachi* band. It played gaily as the "scabs" stepped off the bus. The pickets greeted them: "Welcome to California." Then they told them about the strike.

COMING: *Spring Books—reviews by John Wain, Stanley Kauffmann, Quentin Anderson*

Flowers in Alabama

The Slum Walk is the new craze in Alabama politics, and it is Richmond Flowers' favorite step in his campaign for the governorship. The rambunctious Attorney General has put his fate in the hands of the state's newly enfranchised Negroes. To win their votes, he is canvassing every urban slum, every rural shanty-town. He woos the small "middle-class" Negro community and the militant poor. He promises to appoint more

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than "token" Negroes to state jobs, build housing for the poor, and haul down the Confederate flag from atop the capitol.

Eventually, he must cope with the opposition of Lurleen Wallace, front-woman for her husband Governor George, who cannot succeed himself. But in the first, 10-man free-for-all primary May 3, Flowers' major opponent is Carl Elliott, a low-key "moderate" who has the backing of national Democratic Party loyalists, and presumably the White House. Last fall, when Flowers began his campaign, politicians rated him a million-to-one shot; they derided his sudden interest in Negroes and poor whites (he fancies himself an old-style Populist) as "political suicide." Now, Flowers has moved up; he has a chance of winning 10 percent of the white vote, 60 percent of the black, and beating Elliott and former Gov. John Patterson to get into the run-off with Lurleen.

The scramble is on for the Negro vote. Even the Wallaces have broken their segregationist drawl and say "Nee-grow," like the most precise Northerner.

New Pesticide Rules

The government is finally tightening its controls over the use of pesticides. In future, manufacturers must give evidence that a pesticide will not harm humans when it is applied to food products. This rule will affect some 375 chemicals including DDT, aldrin, dieldrin, endrin and heptachlor. Endrin caused the cataclysm in the natural world of the Mississippi River basin four years ago, where millions of fish died.

Heretofore, the Agriculture Department, which licenses pesticides, in effect held that a pesticide is innocent until proved guilty. Thus in the Mississippi River case it refused to stop the use of endrin because the Department claimed it was impossible to prove scientifically that fish were poisoned because endrin had run off the ground and into the water. The new regulations should help to change this regulatory philosophy around, so that the burden of proof for a chemical's safety lies with the manufacturer.

More Car Defects

Both Chrysler and General Motors last week revealed more flaws in the design of their cars. Chrysler said 17,500 Dodge Polara and Monaco 1966 models were being called back to dealers for replacement of a throttle linkage. The linkage is a cable that may become stretched and result in the car idling at a faster than normal rate. This situation can lead to what Chrysler called "increased creepage." If the brake is not held down, the car moves ahead on its own. An unspecified number of Chrysler and Plymouth models also were involved in this recall.

GM's Buick division disclosed it had done nothing to recover and repair 15,000 of the 1963 Buick Special models. It was discovered that when a Buick Special, equipped with oversized tires, was turned hard, the tire would be cut against the fender rim. This is ironic since in recent weeks car owners have been urged to equip cars with oversized tires because manufacturers have been producing cars with tires insufficient to support the weight of more than three people.

Beauty and the Billboards

The Outdoor Advertising Association of America is a national organization of 600 companies which have some 273,000 billboards and 21,500 other "printed displays" in 48 states. According to the Association's estimate, OAAA members account for 90 percent of the standardized outdoor advertising in this country. All things considered, one would expect this organization to oppose any legislative restrictions on billboards. But the OAAA supported the Highway Beautification Act of 1965; it lobbied for its passage.

For the bill President Johnson signed last October 22 requires the removal of advertising signs from *rural* stretches of the 268,000-mile Interstate and Primary Highway systems, where only a small percentage of the nation's billboards are to be found. (Under the law, states are to ban all signs within 660 feet of the roadway, except for authorized official directional signs and on-premise advertising. States failing to legislate bans by 1968, and then to remove offending signs by 1970, risk the loss of 10 percent of their share of federal highway funds.) The billboard people did not object to these restrictions since the government agreed to pay them fully for their losses.

"We have no proper place in areas of scenic or natural beauty," said Phillip Tocker, president of the OAAA. He might have added that clearing rural roads of unsightly billboards at federal expense is a small price to pay for ensuring sanctuary for the 85 percent of all advertising signs which are in commercial and industrial areas, where the billboard jungles flourish. The Highway Beautification Act as it applies to zoned and unzoned commercial and industrial areas seems merely to ratify the squalor of the status quo. The Secretary of Commerce may only work out with the states standards for spacing, lighting and size of billboards "consistent with customary use."

The Bureau of Public Roads has opened hearings in each of the 50 states as a prelude to setting such "standards." To spark discussion, BPR drew up a set

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of tentative guidelines for use at the hearings, including suggestions for limiting signs within 150 feet of a highway to 300 square feet, prohibiting signs with flashing or moving lights and allowing no more than six signs per highway mile. The billboard interests have bitterly complained, fearing that the states might view the proposed standards as "the gospel out of Washington" and pass billboard controls more stringent than the new federal law requires. They dislike the prospect of states going further than merely conferring the blessing of law on existing jumbles of ugly and dangerously distracting advertising signs. Senator Jennings Randolph (D, W. Va.), a friend of the billboard companies, has argued that the draft standards "would virtually abolish the outdoor advertising industry from the urban areas of America, because it would leave so few structures permissible that no enterprise could survive."

The billboard men, who want their signs left alone, are basing their case on the "customary use" line in the law. But the Act also says standards should be consistent with the purposes of the legislation, which are, presumably, beautification and highway safety. Senator Warren Magnuson (D, Wash.), who believes BPR's guidelines are too weak, has pointed out that, "if customary use had always been consistent with roadside safety and beauty, there would be little need for this legislation."

THE GAME OF KEEPING EVERYTHING UP IN THE AIR

Wilson, the Juggler

London

The country has given Labour politicians a second term without any clear idea of what they intend to do with it, because they took care not to say. The election ended as a recount of the 1964 contest. Asked whether it really had wanted Labour in in 1964, the electorate said it had, to the tune this time of a Commons majority of 97, but with only 48 percent of the vote; decisive, but hardly a landslide. Still, Labour for the first time in its history has come out of an election with an increased majority, and that in itself lays one stubborn ghost, even if it was the trick of treating the election as a straight referendum that laid it. Labour successfully reduced the campaign to one of confidence in itself and its leader, and the Conservative barrage of policy attacks failed. The debate they wanted on policies for the future simply didn't happen because Labour kept the focus on Conservative performance in the past, and made that bear the blame even for Labour's shortcomings. The tactic worked beautifully.

It was implied that with a larger majority Labour could at last set about building the New Britain promised in 1964. But that consoling slogan totally begs the question of how. The governmental rejuggle of the first few days doesn't give very much away. Wilson continues with the same overlarge cabinet of 23 he had to begin with. He has brought in a few younger men who otherwise might get restive, and dropped a few veterans who won't, but much ministerial deadwood that should by common consent have been cut down has been left standing. The chief object of the exercise seems to be to preserve, even within each ministry, a delicate balance between the party's left and right wings. This is superb party management, more important now that the self-discipline of the small majority has gone. But it confirms the impression that Wilson is wedded to government by stealth, taking the hidden roundabout route to the objective in the hope that opponents won't spot where he's going until he's got there. Unfortunately, he may not always be quick enough.

The one area where it might be a positive advantage is nationalization of steel. Wilson still promises the left-wing they will get the full measure, with compensation to the steel firms running into £600 million ($1.68 billion). To handle it in the new parliament he has promoted 38-year-old Richard Marsh, the man he would probably choose as his eventual successor if he ever thought that far ahead. Marsh, like Wilson, is Oxford-educated, without being in any sense an Oxford man. Socially, he remains resolutely middle-class; politically, he has a trade union history and stands well with the left of the party. In fact, his credit with the left is good enough to let him get away with a watered-down version of nationalization, and that is the likely pattern: steel to be nationalized, indeed, and without apology; but the public case to be made out in terms of efficiency not dogma, and the final takeover to no one's surprise slightly muted, if only to spare the gov-

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ernment the full weight of compensation. The nation, the government and perhaps, secretly, the left-wing too, will be relieved to see this seemingly endless squabble concluded.

But the total economic situation leaves little room for such delicate by-play. Labour, as some wag had it, has once again been left a sorry mess by the outgoing government. True, the situation is not as bad as it was in 1964. The balance-of-payments deficit is less, but it is still a deficit, and Labour must get into the black to be sure of avoiding another financial crisis, and to stand some chance of repaying the £900 million ($2.52 billion) it borrowed during the last two crises. On the financial side, the budget when it comes in May will be geared to this task, quite possibly to the extent of running foul of GATT (General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade) with aid to exporters. But this can only be half the battle; the other half lies in making a reality of the prices-and-incomes policy, which Labour trotted out during the last crisis as an earnest of its good intentions.

In the past 17 months it has been Labour's deputy leader, George Brown, at the Economics Ministry who shouldered this task virtually single-handed. Now Wilson has spread the burden by switching the day-to-day business of haggling over pay claims to departmental ministers, chiefly the Minister of Labour, while Brown retains an overall generalship. This stratagem is patently designed to give the policy, which hitherto has looked like a try-on, the respectability of being integrated into the established governmental machine. The new soft-sell may work for a time, but the danger is that, spread around between ministers, the policy will be more difficult to operate, and more out-of-line pay raises will slip through the net. Union officials have argued all the time that the real emphasis should be on getting productivity up, and now hope that Brown will concentrate on that, even to the extent of not reintroducing the bill that requires advance notification of pay claims. The fate of the bill is still undecided, but sooner or later the government cannot avoid taking a hard line. The new administrative arrangements may keep a clash with the unions at arm's length, but unless the unions undergo a change of heart and meekly accept a curb on wage increases, then, like it or not, the government will have to make its stand and risk a sizable strike.

Abroad, by contrast, Wilson has an abundance of options, and he is approaching all of them with caution. The freshest is in Europe, where his response to the suggestion that all the Common Market countries, France included, might now reconsider British entry, has been to dispatch two scouts – George Brown on the economic side, and George Thomson, a Foreign Office minister, on the political. This curious split responsibility is a measure of Wilson's skepticism over Europe. He remains unconvinced that he can get the concessions, particularly over agriculture, that he wants, and doubtful that France really would lift her veto unless she felt Britain was in her corner politically. During the campaign he outflanked the Conservatives on the European issue with tough talk of going in "heads held high," which was good drum-beating stuff, and he has now made the minimum gesture to Labour's pro-Europeans by posting the two scouts, but they are really there as long-term insurance, nothing more.

Wilson still sees Labour's main foreign role as that of America's ally, and in fact looks to Europe chiefly as a means of giving greater economic resilience to that role. But he will now be under greater pressure to be less obviously in Washington's pocket, and that pressure will not be unwelcome to him. He is seeking to counter and rebuff the underlying assumption of British politics since Suez, that Britain could no longer function effectively in global politics, without an empire and without obvious major power status. Given limited objectives, Wilson and his government see no reason why Britain cannot be effective to particular ends. This is why Labour is less eager than the Conservatives to pull back east of Suez, and why Labour is less worried than the Conservatives about "buying American," for defense and foreign policy purposes.

But buying American and being pro-American are different things, and Wilson may now claim the right, after 17 months' faithful service, to experiment with the London-Washington axis. He can be expected to cite disturbances in his party in London, and more relevantly disturbances in Ky's regime in Saigon, as powerful reasons for easing his support for America in Vietnam. Labour will not fall in with pressure to send British troops to Vietnam, and above all will try to steer clear of any involvement in a crude confrontation with China. Meantime, from within the alliance, Wilson will fancy his chances in the part of honest broker, not simply between East and West, which was Macmillan's way, but wherever the opportunity offers. The surprise of Labour's first term was the alacrity with which Wilson turned from domestic politics to the international stage. He seemed to develop a positive relish for the foreign missions and the workmanlike communiqués. But success in this field for the leader of a secondary power requires a careful and precise calculation of aims. The major doubt is whether Wilson has yet got an accurate measure of what he can and cannot pull off. The developments of the Rhodesian crisis, which will occupy Wilson fully in the next few months, should resolve that doubt one way or the other, and at the same time indicate whether a moderate free-wheeling role for Britain's reelected government will end up constructive or confused.

BRIAN WENHAM

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Vietnam—From Disorder to What?

The first time I met Thich Tam Chau and Thich Tri Quang – the two most powerful Buddhist leaders in South Vietnam – I was attached to a delegation of American clergymen who had come to Saigon on a fact-finding trip (July, 1965). That we met with the two monks simultaneously was no accident; both insisted on it. I arranged subsequently to talk privately with Tri Quang. But within hours, I received a message from Tam Chau indicating that he, too, wished to talk with me privately. One is perhaps justified in reading into these sensitivities a certain amount of competitiveness at the summit of the Buddhist hierarchy.

In the interview with the American clergy, it was shy, diminutive Tam Chau who made the opening presentation. But it was Tri Quang who undertook to respond to most of the questions and who gave the impression of greater self-assurance and power. Speaking through an interpreter, Tri Quang stressed his feeling that war creates a conflict between the masses and the ruling class, and that in war the decisions are left to this ruling class. The Vietnamese people, he said, are in the dark about how to achieve peace but want peace very much. He equated war and Communism as both being against the best interests of the Vietnamese people. "What have we learned from 25 years of war?" he asked rhetorically. "We have learned that we exchange one type of freedom for another, one type of killing for another. We have also learned that Vietnam is a crossroads for great power interests." He persistently professed that Buddhists do not believe in military force, know nothing about it, have no authority to discuss it.

In subsequent meetings with Tri Quang, he only once, cryptically, commented on the American presence. He spoke of two groups in Vietnam: one portrayed as troublemakers but who have the respect of the people; the other, more powerful than the government itself, but which gets no respect or cooperation from the people.

Tam Chau readily expressed appreciation for American assistance but complained that the US wanted to run Vietnam in exchange for the aid it gave. He offered several outspokenly anti-Communist statements, then observed that in free elections the Communists might very well win, because there was no attractive alternative, a tragedy which he blamed on the Americans for having helped Diem to destroy the non-Communist opposition. As a Northerner in regional-minded South Vietnam (Tri Quang is from Central Vietnam, around the Hue area) Tam Chau is acutely aware of his vulnerability and is likely to resist efforts by outsiders to maneuver him into open opposition to Tri Quang.

One question which I raised with all the Buddhist leaders was why they were content to topple governments but apparently shunned taking over the government themselves. The initial response was usually the obvious one – that Vietnamese Buddhism has traditionally eschewed purely secular activities and that the sight of their monks running the government would be viewed with some dismay by many of the lay faithful, as indeed were the anti-government protests. More significant was the admission that the Buddhists are bereft of the technical expertise necessary for operating a modern government. They would, therefore, be heavily dependent upon others, though bearing sole responsibility for success or failure. This, they suggested, was untenable.

Buddhist cooperation with the Catholics was another topic which I discussed at great length with leaders in both religious communities. The depth of the hostility and suspicion was astonishing. Whereas the Catholics tended to disparage the Buddhists as factionalized, opportunistic, soft on Communism and greatly overrated in their strength, it was not difficult to detect that this attitude was conditioned largely by their resentment at the Buddhists' having successfully broken the century-long power of the Church. On the other hand, the Buddhists suspected the Catholics were attempting to outmaneuver them and somehow restore themselves to power, a sentiment which reflected the underlying inferiority complex which Buddhists have toward the better trained and internationally more prestigious Catholic community.

There have been several recent signs, however, of a change in the religious climate. Catholics who last year had been relatively favorably disposed toward the Ky government and toward American policy (more true of the Catholic refugee community than of the smaller community of indigenous, Southern Catholics) have become more critical. The suppression last year of mildly critical lay Catholic journals, such as *Song Dao* and *Hanh Trinh*, made the Catholics more restive. A growing disaffection was reflected in an appeal issued this January by nine Catholic priests. It condemned the war, denounced the policy of attempting to settle the quarrel by force, and urged the authorities to commence negotiations. When one realizes that expression of such sentiment is punishable by execution under the Ky government, one can appreciate what courage it took to issue such an appeal.

Later in January a notable step was made toward healing the Buddhist-Catholic breach, at an unprece-

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dented meeting at the Catholic university in Dalat attended by Thich Mien Chau, rector of the Buddhist university in Saigon. A few weeks later, on March 20, the full student body of the Buddhist university drafted a national appeal which urged "the major religious communities of the nation, namely Catholics and Buddhists, to be aware of the important role assigned to them by history and to stand up to demand an end to the massacre in Vietnam," a statement which would have been unthinkable a few months earlier.

Hue, near the Northern border of South Vietnam, has historically been the heart of Vietnamese Buddhism. The revolt against Diem began there; the current revolt has its origin there. Recent news dispatches from Saigon reported the US Embassy was puzzled at the failure of the Hue authorities to suppress disorders. Their puzzlement must have been more feigned than real. For last summer when I visited Hue, it was public knowledge that the city administration, as well as the faculty administration and student body of the University of Hue, were basically unsympathetic to the Ky government and to the American build-up. In this traditionalist stronghold, where Western influences and values are at a minimum, there was a decidedly different atmosphere from that in Saigon – greater pride in things Vietnamese, greater resistance to the foreigner. The Viet Cong? – Well, they're Vietnamese aren't they? The Americans? – Well –

Whether or not Hue officials are National Liberation Front members, only the most reckless will venture to guess. Washington boasts that no Vietnamese of stature has ever defected to the NLF, but it seems reasonable to assume that were there such defections, the defector would not publicize it. Indeed, he might not even think he had "defected." More likely, he would feel that he had taken a stand in the best interests of his country, a stand which happened to conflict with the policy of the Saigon government. It would be a matter of secondary concern that his "defection" would, in the American view, ally him with Communists.

Simplistic explanations initially offered by Washington and Saigon for current demonstrations – the ouster of General Thi or Viet Cong infiltration – are misleading. These demonstrations reveal the contempt of vast numbers of Vietnamese people for the Ky government, and all such governments which are imposed from above and give the appearance of subservience to foreigners. The fact that the Buddhists seem to be presenting a united front despite the divisive pressures under which they labor; the fact that the Catholics have thus far refrained from throwing their full weight behind Ky; the fact that anti-American sentiment seems on the increase – all these suggest that we are in a new phase in Vietnamese political affairs. The written and telephone communications which I have had with Saigon since the demonstrations began also attest to this. A growing exhaustion with the endless and ever more brutal war and resistance to a recolonization of their country by Westerners, have long been the two most powerful forces working to unite rival Vietnamese political and religious groups. The NLF propaganda machine has for years focussed on the colonial-like relationship in which Saigon stood *vis-à-vis* Washington. (Around Hue, for example, I saw US troops manning roadblocks, daily subjecting hundreds of Vietnamese civilians to the humiliation of being halted by, and then obliged to dismount and submit to a personal search by American GI's.)

Heavy US spending has been the most effective damper on whatever affront to national dignity the Vietnamese may have been feeling. But in recent months, spiraling inflation in the cities has begun to outweigh the calming effects of the US-generated prosperity. The growing sentiment for peace as well as the swell of antiwar protests in America and other countries, have also not been without their effect.

I don't suggest that this latest show of protest has a clear and unified objective, nor would I predict that it is likely to remain unified long enough to overthrow the generals, although the generals, too, are likely to begin to splinter apart under the pressures. Although a popular coalition government might agree on discontinuance of American military escalation (unless the military continue to exert major influence in the civilian government), discussion of the rate at which the American forces should be phased out will probably reveal serious disagreements among the Vietnamese. Also, whether to continue fighting on a reduced scale while exploring peace terms, or to call for an immediate cease-fire and then to begin work on a peace settlement might raise serious differences within the coalition.

What the Vietnamese perhaps fear most is that the cohesion which the political and religious groups have summoned in protest against military rule will be unable to survive the more rigorous challenge of guiding the state through the difficult period which lies ahead. The petty regional, religious and personal rivalries, as well as the deep-seated differences with respect to acceptable means for bringing about the social revolution which Vietnam so desperately needs, are likely to keep Vietnam in a state of instability for quite some time yet, irrespective of the outcome of the current disorders.

Robert S. Browne

Mr. Browne *revisited Saigon last summer to lecture at the Buddhist university on the American view of Vietnam. He worked as an economist for the US aid program in Vietnam 1958-61, and now teaches economics at Fairleigh Dickinson University.*

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WASHINGTON

The Lost Colony

by Andrew Kopkind and James Ridgeway

"They all belong to the syndicate. And they know that what's good for the syndicate is good for the country, because that's what makes Sammy run. The men in the control towers have a share, too, and that's why they always have to do whatever they can to help the syndicate."

– JOSEPH HELLER, *Catch-22*

The District of Columbia is a lost colony still surviving – barely – on the American continent. Its subjects (they are hardly citizens) can vote for none of their local leaders. The politicians who nominally run Washington have no constituents here. The economy is controlled by men who live in Maryland and Virginia, outside the range of local political action, or by businesses based in New York or Chicago or Oakland, California. What "high" culture there is trickles down from its origins in other regions: road company theater, art collected in other cities and deposited here as in a national mausoleum, fashions from New York or California or Europe, last year's cultural fads.

The residential pattern is a kind of *apartheid*, with chunks of the city divvied up between affluent whites and the Negroes, and poorer whites scrambling for a foothold in between. Like the Belgians in old Leopoldville, the whites live mainly in one large colony of their own; in Washington it is called Northwest.

Above all, the government of the District is a paradigm case of "divide and rule," the classic colonial strategy; responsibility is diffused among a baffling array of boards, commissions, committees, volunteer groups and business associations. The buck never stops.

Every one of Washington's 801,000 residents is a colonial subject, but some are more subjected than others. The minority (37 percent) white population generally finds life comfortable enough. The small amount of public expenditure (compared to other cities) spent *pro bono publico* keeps the few remaining white schools in tolerably good condition, removes snow first on white streets, beautifies the white residential areas, and clears away slums for glassy, classy upper-income housing. A speedy, if expensive (25 cents a ride) air-conditioned bus service shoots white commuters into town in the morning, and brings Negro maids out to the suburbs on the return run. The first line of the proposed subway system will, naturally, follow the same route.

Despite the legendary large Negro "middle class," 25 percent of Washington's residents live in "abject poverty, total deprivation," according to the latest National Capital Planning Commission report issued this month. Twenty-five percent of the adult Negro population is functionally illiterate. There is no minimum wage for male workers, excepting government employees. Forty-one percent of District houses are called "inadequate"; 104,700 people live in "substandard" housing, lacking such common amenities as bathrooms. Some 114,000 people are said to pay "too much rent." There are 27,500 families eligible for public housing, but there is no room for them; 5,800 families are on public-housing waiting lists. Although the overall figures for unemployment in Washington are dropping, along with the national rate, unemployment in the Negro slums is estimated to be as high as 10 percent; underemployment (long work hours for sub-poverty-line pay) is much higher. The jail is sickening. A "model" school system meant to reinvigorate the slum schools is a flop; the schools are overcrowded and poorly staffed. Most of the school children in Washington are Negroes; white people with children tend to leave town for the shelter of the segregated suburbs or if they stay on send their youngsters to private schools.

The United Planning Organization, the local anti-poverty agency, hasn't had much success in finding more jobs or better housing for poor people. Its low-income housing proposals are tied up in the Federal Housing Administration which is taking two years to process plans. An ambitious new proposal to set up a nonprofit housing corporation to help people get underway with low-income housing at scattered sites both in the District and in the suburbs is stuck in the Office of Economic Opportunity. Neither Maryland nor Vir-

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ginia has fair-housing laws, and UPO officials say the government is leery of moving into the suburbs.

Twelve thousand people applied through the UPO employment service for jobs in the spring and summer of last year; 2,000 were placed in some sort of work. But the UPO people admit many of the jobs were low paying and without any future. Privately they bitterly assail downtown businessmen for segregated hiring practices, as well as the unions which control the apprentice-training schemes. Many of them remain segregated. The construction industry is one of the biggest employers in the city, but because of the unions, decent paying jobs are closed to Negroes.

Still, if you pick your streets, Washington looks good, like a capital should. For it is in one sense a company town – the company is the US government – and government work imposes a sense of decorum even on the lowliest janitors, charwomen and elevator operators. There is no heavy industry; the largest "manufacturing" employer is the *Washington Post*. Government officials and the embassy set have a certain visibility, but like Hollywood in the huge Los Angeles complex, "official Washington" is bigger outside the city than in. Most large cities have had to cope with the high immigration rate. Washington has an emigration rate almost as high. It is a city of transients, most of whom care little about their temporary home town. President Kennedy put it well: "Washington has the charm of a Northern city and the efficiency of a Southern one."

Other cities have their problems, too; the urban catastrophe is inescapable. The difference is that Washington residents can't kick out the mayor or the city councilmen, because there are none. They cannot force the planners to direct their attention to the worst urban problems, because the planning agencies exist in a political void.

The Blocking Lobby

The most pressing problem, for example, is the lack of land, and the failure of will, to build housing for the poor. Like most cities, Washington is in the middle of a booming land market. But because there is no way for ordinary residents to press for what amounts to "land reform" (its use for low- and mixed-income housing), the real-estate speculators are in effect making all the decisions, simply by going about their business. And the "decision" is that Washington is to be the first major Negro city in the US – with a few tiny white ghettoes. The white ghettoes will keep the power.

Those who like to find conspiracies could draw a convincing schema of the Washington power structure to prove that a cabal meets in the dead of night to plot strategies for the control of the capital's affairs. But no conspiracy is necessary. The colony is run by groups of independent operators – "foreign" politicians, "outside" entrepreneurs and governors-in-residence. They have carved out their areas of interest. Each contends for a share of the native labor. They get the things they want: low taxes, low wages, services for themselves, franchises, contracts and the various benefits of an exploited region.

The interests of the most powerful committees in Congress and the most powerful businessmen almost exactly coincide. The system works so that almost any strong group can obstruct progress, or find others to do it for them. The Metropolitan Washington Board of Trade (about which more later) can kill home rule. The land lobby can kill urban renewal. The Senate appropriations subcommittee can dilute welfare programs. And the President can veto anything.

Farther on down the line, the hundreds of interested parties – lobbies and citizens' federations and business combines – may have little success in getting positive action, but they are remarkably adroit at stopping any. For Washington *is* unique; there isn't a lobby in the country which ignores it. When the commissioners proposed a modest tax on cigars, tobacco lobbiests descended on senators and representatives to protest; the tax was not imposed. Proposals to protect victims of uninsured motorists brought forth lobbiests for all major insurance associations; seven testified at hearings, more submitted written statements. The Highway Users Conference, a collection of businesses which would profit from road construction, has lobbied strenuously for borrowing authority approval, to build a few more miles of freeway. The anti-urban-renewal lobby fights all local projects with a vengeance; somehow they all think that statutes for the capital constitute a statement of national policy. Other representatives and senators – not on the operative committees – are always getting into the act: they testify and do their own log-rolling for local bills. Efforts by "unconnected" residents are overwhelmed.

Theoretically, at least, Congress has the constitutional power to legislate for the national capital, and the President executes the laws. The lion's share of Congress' authority is held by the House Committee on the District of Columbia, and *it*, in turn, is dominated by a chairman and three or four members from Southern states. They see Washington much the same as they see their own small-town constituencies – in a state of siege by Negroes, by liberals, by social-planners and by spenders. "It is a unique situation," a Washington journalist said recently. "These men are dedicated to the proposition that the District cannot work as an integrated, progressive city, and they have it within their power to make it fail."

Chairman John L. McMillan of Florence, S.C., holds

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the District Committee in thralldom. He likes to think of himself as "mayor of Washington." He has been chairman 18 years (with two breaks during Republican rule of Congress) and he enjoys his little prerogatives of power. Whatever payoffs there may be are small: the newspapers have claimed that McMillan got a Cadillac on the cheap from insurance man Don Reynolds (Bobby Baker's former business colleague) in 1961. At least Reynolds owed McMillan a favor; the chairman had plugged for an insurance contract for Reynolds on the new D.C. Stadium. When the story broke, McMillan produced checks in full list-price payment for the car, but he refused to let reporters examine them, and the belief persisted that they were canceled after the newspaper exposé. About the same time, McMillan's son came into the possession of a sports car, owned by a D.C. dealer whose license was about to be revoked. McMillan had gone to bat for the car dealer. When *that* story was chronicled, McMillan said the car was on an extended "trial" by his son.

In 1962, on the eve of congressional elections, Washington's businessmen turned out for a $15-a-plate "testimonial" honoring McMillan's 24 years on the committee. The toastmaster was a real-estate broker; the speaker from the three-man Board of Commissioners was the Army Corps of Engineers member (there is one on the Board at all times, and he is usually the one most opposed to reforms). The sponsoring committee was heavily larded with liquor dealers, parking lot owners, land speculators, bankers, managers of utilities.

For the tribute was for services rendered, and expected. There is no need for large payoffs; McMillan and his tributary friends understand that their interests coincide, that they have a common stake in the informal "syndicate." The District Committee keeps sumptuary taxes low (the Scotch that costs $4.25 in Washington costs $5.75 in the Maryland suburbs). It has the power to regulate public utilities. It authorizes real-estate and income taxes, influences urban renewal projects, and busies itself with the smallest managerial problems – licenses for podiatrists, dog-curbing ordinances, and the like. It controls the police and the fire departments – and, indirectly, their degree of racial segregation (there were long, bitter fights against a stubborn committee to integrate the firemen). When the commissioners (who serve as "administrators," and are appointed by the President) proposed a one-way-street pattern that parking lot operators opposed, McMillan sent a curt note to the Engineer Commissioner reminding him that the annual authorization for highways was under consideration, and it would be unwise to bring up controversial issues. The commissioners promptly dropped the street plan.

McMillan is fond of the parking people, and they of him. In 1961 he attempted to get the parking concession (12,500 cars) at the new D.C. Stadium for two major operators. He opposed a plan for a government-operated underground parking lot in the "Federal Triangle" complex of government buildings. Instead, it became (according to the *Washington Post*) "a shabby vista of cartops, signs, jerry-built shacks, a dry fountain, loose cinders," under lease for 15 years to another parking lot tycoon.

McMillan's Allies

McMillan's closest colleague and heir-apparent on the committee is Basil Whitener, who learned about crime as a prosecutor in Gastonia, N.C. He sees no need to change his approach in drawing "crime bills" for the District of Columbia. His latest effort authorizes arrests on mere suspicion, or for "investigation"; it would allow censorship by the police, including confiscation of printing presses and closings of theaters. In 1963 he introduced a bill allowing school teachers to use "reasonable force" on their pupils.

Further from McMillan, but still a controlling figure on the committee, is John Dowdy, an East Texan who has sought a national role for himself as "the man who killed urban renewal." So far, his successes have been limited to the District of Columbia, where he has had the support of the real-estate and the parking lobby. Dowdy, like most other Southerners on the committee (there are *two* from Mississippi, Reps. Abernethy and Williams), finds that his stands against "liberalism" (that is, Negroes) in Washington can be converted into political capital in East Texas.

Dowdy's dead hand on the local urban renewal stick was so firm that, in desperation, Washingtonians favoring renewal tried two years ago to defeat him in his home district. They threw a cocktail party in Washington for Dowdy's opponent, a "Texas-liberal" lawyer named Benton Musslewhite, and raised some $15,000. Dowdy took full-page ads in local East Texas papers and insinuated that Musslewhite was a left-winger, a sexual deviate and a dupe of the liberals, to boot (the Dowdyan syllogism: people associated with the American Civil Liberties Union supported Musslewhite; ACLU lawyers have defended left-wingers and sexual deviates; ergo . . .). Musslewhite lost.

It is difficult enough to fight Washington's urban renewal battles in Nacogdoches County, Texas, but that is only the beginning for District residents. There is a Senate District Committee, and appropriations subcommittees in both Houses which exercise significant power over District affairs. At present, the Senate District Committee favors self-government, urban planning, more welfare benefits. But the Senate appropriations subcommittee has quite the opposite view. Its chairman, Robert W. Byrd of West Virginia, finds wel-

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fare distasteful. For years he has imposed an obnoxious "man-in-the-house" rule on District welfare mothers: they could not receive aid if there was a man – husband, relative or friend – living in their house. The rule encouraged husbands to desert their wives. Byrd would like Washington to be the "Athens, the Rome and the Constantinople of the modern world," he told a (white) citizens' club last month. The trouble is, there are too many Negroes. "Washington's greatest underlying problem," Byrd continued, may be "the population distribution, which is not representative of the population throughout the country." Why don't the Negroes stay in "Mississippi, or Ohio, or anywhere, where at least they had an open space and a shack to live in."

Constitutionally, there are balances to the power that Byrd and McMillan can wield. Actually, they usually romp home free; because all the blocking power is on their side. President Kennedy and Johnson managed to get some "liberals" on the House District Committee, but sooner, rather than later, their interest wanes. One new "liberal" confessed that he did not know the names of "the city commissioners, or whatever they're called," and doubted that half the committee did. He is probably right. The few old "liberals" on the committee are frying other fish. Rep. Abraham Multer of New York leads the fight for home rule. He is also a friend of the liquor industry, which opposes home rule, because it fears the low liquor tax will be raised under self-government. Multer repeatedly introduces "fair price" bills to help small liquor retailers in the District.

McMillan holds few committee meetings, and fewer subcommittee meetings. He conducts business "informally," with his half-dozen like-minded colleagues. He takes the advice of Rep. Howard Smith, who is the *éminence grise* of the District Committee (he is the number-two Democrat on it) in addition to his chairmanship of the Rules Committee. Smith brings the same courtly conservatism to the District Committee that he had elevated to a national style on Rules.

Both the House and Senate committees have members from Maryland and Virginia. Rep. Joel Broyhill, a Republican from the Northern Virginia suburbs of Washington, plays the role of the typical white suburban politician. In another place, he would be cast as the chairman of the suburban county's board of supervisors; in Washington, he in effect has a seat on the "city council." On the other hand, Rep. Charles Mathias, another Republican, from the Maryland suburb of Montgomery County, takes quite courageous positions "for" Washington, and presumably "against" his own constituency's prejudices. But he cannot cancel Broyhill out; McMillan has not spoken to Mathias since the home rule fight last fall.

Successive Presidents have tried in small ways to "do something" about Washington. The greatest effort was made by John Kennedy, who appointed the first Negro to the Board of Commissioners, created an office in the White House for a special adviser on District affairs, and made a strong pitch for home rule.

Mr. Johnson has taken the same tack, but with diminishing enthusiasm. His drive for home rule last year in Congress was politically costly; it finally failed in the House, and the President has said that his "troubles with Congress" date from that first defeat. Charles Horsky, a highly regarded lawyer from Washington's toniest firm (Covington and Burling) continues in his Kennedy-appointed job as presidential adviser on the District. He is supposed to bring the weight of the Presidency to bear on local problems, but none of the contending power-sources in the District have to take him very seriously. He is just another one of them. One of his recent efforts was to call a special White House meeting of the president of the Board of Commissioners, the Undersecretary of Health, Education and Welfare, and the Undersecretary of the Interior, to discuss the location of a garbage incinerator. Such is the majesty of presidential power, that the bureaucrats came dutifully, and ate lunch together in the White House mess. On weightier controversies, he has had less response.

The Land Grabbers

Real-estate speculation is big business in Washington. Land prices have more than doubled in the past five years; buying land in the District is like playing stocks in New York. As the government grows, the commercial center of the city pushes out from the White House in two main directions: westward towards Foggy Bottom and Georgetown, and north into the Negro city.

At the heart of the real-estate business are a few home-grown operators – "wheeler-dealers," as they sometimes call themselves. Chief among them are Dominic Antonelli Jr. and Kingdon Gould Jr., who own Parking Management, Inc., the largest parking lot concern in town. Antonelli, the son of an olive oil importer, began life selling newspapers. Gould is the great grandson of Jay Gould, the railroad magnate. Antonelli and Gould buy bits and pieces of land with an eye to assembling enough of it to permit construction of a good-sized building. The assembly process can take years, and in the meantime, the old buildings are pulled down and parking lots are started up. These produce revenues to pay taxes and for use in further speculation. The city is pitted with parking lots. In addition to parking and building, Antonelli and Gould have part interests in hotels, restaurants, carry-out shops, and hold a rent-a-car franchise. They helped organize a bank that lends them money for their ventures.

At the edges of the city's expanding commercial core,

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new residential sections are sprouting up in what once were Negro slums. Some of these are restoration projects like Georgetown; others are high-rise apartments which are full of small units for elderly couples who are tired of the suburbs, or young single girls who flock into the city to work in government. The bulk of these people are white. Many whites with children don't care to live in Washington because of the schools, and the real-estate speculators encourage this aversion because children are likely to damage their apartments, and because it is less profitable to build housing for big families.

The real-estate developers can move people around pretty much at will to suit their private plans. Many people in the poorer sections of town live on month-to-month rental agreements. Since there is no rent control, rents can be increased until people are forced to move out. (One family had been paying $57 a month for an apartment in Southeast Washington. A new owner wants them out; the rent has been put up to $115 a month.)

If a property owner does not want to sell to the speculator, life can be made unpleasant for him. Houses on either side of the desired property can be acquired and torn down. The holdout's heating bills go up, because the walls of his house are now exposed. Or, a parking lot may be set up next door. This will be noisy, and may draw the attention of the tax assessor who will see property values (thus taxes) increasing.

Two years ago a speculator set out to assemble a choice block of land in the Northwest section of the city. Here a strip of bedraggled Victorian structures were lined up on a side street overlooking Rock Creek Park, a perfect place to build an elegant high-rise apartment. The land is even more valuable now because the projected subway will pass nearby. The speculator, who was tied in with a syndicate, did not want to reveal his hand, and so he hired a realty firm to front for him. The front firm's men moved through the block, and easily bought up several houses. But some people refused to sell; the place was run down, but they had lived there most of their lives and liked it. To soften up the holdouts, the speculator went down to the people who administer the city's building codes, and unknown to the property owners, put in occupancy applications for all the properties he wanted to buy; that is, he asked permission to rent them as apartments or as rooming houses. Housing inspectors immediately descended and began to look around. Improvements were needed and they cost money; moreover, some of the property owners had been letting out rooms on the sly, and this had to be stopped. Some owners still held out. The speculator leased back some of the properties he had just bought to rooming house operators, who in turn packed the houses with transients. One woman and her two children lived in two rooms that cost $160 a month. Now there was a clamor in the nearby blocks where middle-class white people lived, because the neighborhood was becoming increasingly unstable. The children of transients, many of them Negroes, went to the school which was full of neat, clean white children.

While he waited for the holdout owners to break and sell, the speculator was hiking the prices of the properties he had already bought by switching them back and forth among "straws," in this case secretaries who worked in his office. One building was bought in the name of a straw for $23,000 and sold in a week or so to another straw for $24,000. The price was built up to $28,000. This is a common procedure, so the speculator can get around the usual bank lending rules which preclude loaning him more than two-thirds of the purchase price.

This particular block-busting operation is still going on. Now, the assembler is using another dodge. He has let out word the whole deal is off, which very likely means he will lay low awhile, and come back later on behind another front firm.

Thus far, urban renewal in Washington has not helped much with low-income housing. The biggest renewal project to date cleared land off a sprawling slum in the Southwest flats below the Capitol. The slum was replaced by middle-income housing. It is integrated but far too expensive for poor families, some of whom got into the already crammed public-housing projects and in other cases doubled up with relatives in other parts of the city. The National Capital Planning Commission, which must approve urban renewal in the city, voted down the only real attempt yet made in Washington to preserve a mixed-income neighborhood called Adams-Morgan. All sorts of people, Negro and white, poor and wealthy, lived cheek-by-jowl in this area. The neighborhood people worked on the urban renewal plans, which called for low-cost housing, for nearly ten years, only to have the project junked by the commission. It thought the area had been improved by private means. Since this decision last year, Adams-Morgan has turned increasingly into a little Georgetown of restored homes occupied by young, white families.

Under the pressure of real-estate speculation, the poor Negroes with their large families are being pushed into the Negro city, a long swath of the city which lies north and east of the White House. The pressure is crowding the Negroes out from the center of the city and back against the Maryland line. There the Negro must stop. Because of segregation in employment and housing in Maryland, the Negro sticks tight to his preserve. But as the real-estate speculators push into the Negro areas, the preserve gets smaller.

This is the first of two articles.

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A COMMUNICATION

Taxes from Whom, for What?

Edwin L. Dale's article of April 2 deserves high praise for its insistence that we should continue to promote sufficient economic growth to drive full-time unemployment from the current level of about 3.75 percent to about 2.5 percent, instead of putting brakes on the economy in fear of inflation. This point is especially sound because the true level of unemployment, taking account of the full-time equivalent of part-time unemployment and concealed unemployment, is still above 6 percent.

But Mr. Dale, in my view, has jumped too easily from the probably sound proposition that we should not now put brakes upon the economy to the conclusion that we should not increase taxes. He has absorbed too well the propaganda-teachings of the "New Economics," which at long last has learned something about the use of the federal budget to govern the speed of the economy but has terribly forgotten the primary purposes of the federal budget.

For the primary purpose of the federal budget is not to help slow down or speed up the economy as the need may be, although this is an important secondary purpose. If that were the primary purpose, we could slow down the economy with no federal expenditures and federal taxes of $5 billion, and we could speed up the economy with $5 billion of federal expenditures and no taxation (these figures are purely illustrative). The primary purpose of the federal budget is to use spending to allocate a sufficient portion of our total national production to those high priorities of our national needs – both domestic and international – which cannot be served in any other way. Only *after* this allocation is established can we decide sensibly the amount and composition of tax collections, depending upon whether (at the appropriately set level of spending) we want to use tax policy to speed up or slow down the economy. Tax policy and spending policy in the federal budget are therefore not interchangeable.

The "New Economics" forgot all about this when it engineered tax reductions from 1962 through 1965 having an annual value of almost $20 billion. The tax reductions stimulated the economy and reduced unemployment mainly by increasing demand for what we need least rather than for what we need most. They helped us to get several more million automobiles per year, and countless more gadgets of all kinds, when we needed much more – for example, the rehousing of slum dwellers and the rebuilding of cities. They did too much to increase the flow of consumer goods to the affluent, and not enough to increase the flow of consumer goods to the poor. In short, they may have helped us to go faster, but they veered us further and further away from the Great Society.

Let us not confuse Messages and speeches, however sincere, with concrete programs. We are inexorably forcing downward the portions of our wealth and product devoted to the things we need most. In fiscal 1947 (the first full year in an economic sense after World War II), federal budget outlays were 17.71 percent of total national production; in fiscal 1954 (the first full year in an economic sense after the Korean war), they were 18.65 percent; in fiscal 1961 (the last Eisenhower year), they were 16.09 percent; in fiscal 1966, they were 15.20 percent; and for fiscal 1967, they are estimated at 15.05 percent. Looking at all domestic outlays in the federal budget (which exclude national defense, international, and space) these are estimated for fiscal 1967 at 5.71 percent of total national production, contrasted with 8.17 percent in 1947, 5.79 percent in 1961, and 5.76 percent in 1966.

We all know that some important domestic programs are being slashed, and that many others are mere bagatelles measured against declared goals.

The argument about whether we need increased taxes to "fight inflation" avoids the real point. We need increased taxes so that there will be room, *without* danger of inflation, to do what most needs doing.

The best approach, as I see it, would be to abrogate the corporate tax reductions of 1964, and the depreciation concessions of 1962 and 1965. This would yield $5-6 billion in annual tax revenues, which should be spent for the great priorities. Result: the economy would be in better balance, because the excessive investment boom offers the threat in due course of a recession far more serious than the threat of inflation; economic growth would be better sustained and unemployment would be reduced more satisfactorily, because a dollar of public spending contributes more to this than a dollar of tax favors; and we would be shifting our resource use toward programs responsive, not only to our aspirations and needs, but also to our declarations.

Subsidiary to this, we should resist tax increases along the lines currently discussed. To increase everybody's taxes by the same percentage amounts would compound the regressiveness of the recent tax reductions, violate every principle of taxation according to the ability to pay, and be inconsistent with the growing recognition (in words) that those in the lowest third of the income structure should make the largest progress in incomes and living standards.

One striking example of the insensitivity of the "New Economics" to the social considerations which should underline all economic policy is that the dozens of economists who testify annually on tax policy offer in the main no analysis of what our *nationwide* tax system really is. The fact is that in 1960 (the latest comprehensive study) consumer units with incomes under $2,000 paid more than 38 percent of their total incomes in federal, state, and local taxes of all types; those with incomes between $2,000 and $5,000 paid from more than 38 percent to more than 41 percent; those with incomes of $7,500 to $10,000 paid only 22.3 percent; and those above $10,000 paid only 31.6 percent. The inequity is even worse today, due to sharp increases in most types of regressive taxes at all levels since 1960, and due to the federal tax-cutting orgy of 1962-1965.

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Cortázar's Masterpiece

by C. D. B. Bryan

Julio Cortázar was born in Brussels in 1914, is Argentinian, and has lived and worked in Paris since 1952. He is the author of three volumes of short stories and his first novel, *The Winners*, was published in this country last year. He is also a poet, a translator, and an amateur jazz musician. His new novel, *Hopscotch*, has already been hailed by the prestigious *Times Literary Supplement* as "Cortázar's masterpiece. This is the first great novel of Spanish America." However, *Hopscotch* will be in grave trouble here unless the American reader can overcome his innate apathy toward (1) a South American novel (2) about a forty-plus-year-old bohemian's (3) search for meaning in life (4) in Paris and Buenos Aires. Even should this be possible, the reader must still cope with a giddily written Table of Instructions which explains that *Hopscotch* consists of two books:

Hopscotch
by Julio Cortázar
translated by Gregory Rabassa
(Pantheon; $6.95)

> "The second should be read by beginning with Chapter 73 and then following the sequence indicated at the end of each chapter. In case of confusion or forgetfulness, one need only consult the following list:
> 71 - 1 - 116 - 3 - 84 - 4 - 71 - 5 - 81 - 74 - 6 - 7 - 8 - 93 - "

and so on for one-hundred-and-forty more chapters. It is not difficult to imagine the glaze now descending over the reader's eyes. And yet, if he succumbs to apathy with this foreknowledge of *Hopscotch*, he will deny himself the opportunity to read the most brilliant novel in years.

Hopscotch is hard going. Deliberately. It is a spiraling, convulsive, exploding universe of a novel. It is the most powerful encyclopedia of emotions and visions to emerge from the postwar generation of international writers. And if it does not render every other novel written about a search for meaning obsolete, *Hopscotch* certainly emphasizes their inadequacy.

The significance of this book's title is explained by the major character in this novel, Horacio Oliviera, as follows:

> "Hopscotch is played with a pebble that you move with the tip of your toe. The things you need: a sidewalk, a pebble, a toe, and a pretty chalk drawing, preferably in colors. On top is Heaven, on the bottom is Earth, it's very hard to get the pebble up to Heaven, you almost always miscalculate and the stone goes off the drawing. But little by little you start to get the knack of how to jump over the different squares (spiral hopscotch, rectangular hopscotch, fantasy hopscotch, not played very often) and then one day you learn how to leave Earth and make the pebble climb up into Heaven, the worst part of it is that precisely at that moment, when practically no one has learned how to make the pebble climb up into Heaven, childhood is over all of a sudden and you're into novels, into the anguish of the senseless divine trajectory, into the speculation about another Heaven that you have to learn to reach too. And since you have come out of childhood you forget that in order to get to Heaven you have to have a pebble and a toe. . . . A pebble and a toe . . . yes, reach Heaven with kicks, get there with the pebble (carry your cross? Not a very portable object) and with one last kick send the stone up against *l'azur l'azur l'azur l'azur*, crash, a broken pane, the final bed, naughty child, and what difference did it make if behind the broken pane there was the kibbutz, since Heaven was nothing but a childish name for his kibbutz."

Horacio's search assumes just such a random pattern.

There are four major male characters: Horacio Oliviera, the forty-plus-year-old Argentinian living in Paris who realizes that "searching was [his] symbol, the emblem of those who go out at night with nothing in mind, the motives of a destroyer of compasses"; Traveler, Horacio's childhood friend in Buenos Aires, the keeper of a counting cat for the Estrellas Circus, who "hated the name Traveler because he had never been outside Argentina except for trips over to Montevideo and once up to Asunción in Paraguay, centers that he remembered with sovereign indifference"; Morelli, an old man, a philosopher-author, who best understands the meaning, the need for Horacio's search, whom Horacio believes might provide the key; and, last, the author of *Hopscotch* whose presence, whose manipulative restraint is felt throughout. Horacio, Traveler, Morelli and Cortázar are four different men; and yet, each bears a progressive relationship to the other. Traveler is what Horacio would have been, had Horacio not left Argentina. Horacio is what Morelli would have been had Morelli succumbed to the joy of the search for the sake of searching, the search without direction, the "destroyer of compasses"; and Morelli is what Cortázar might have become, had not Cortázar written *Hopscotch* – a theorist, a cataloguer of customs, an accumulator of clippings, notebooks and incomplete novels. The relationship between Cortázar and Morelli is the most tenuous since one blurs into the other. Cortázar, of course, does not actually appear in the novel. And yet he is there, for he has accomplished what the older author, Morelli, merely proposes.

There are two major female characters: La Maga and Talita. Horacio lived with La Maga in Paris until, in a shocking episode in their apartment, La Maga's young son, Rocamadour, died

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The loneliness of a little girl

Her name is Patricia Bright Eagle, a forgotten child with a proud tradition. Patricia's home is made of mud and sticks; her food consists mainly of fried bread and corn.

Like other six-year-old children, Patricia started school this year. It was a frightening experience for her. Able to speak but a few words of English, Patricia suddenly found herself in a world where she became self-conscious and ashamed of her clothes, of her name, of her appearance...of herself. She stays apart, bewildered and lonely.

Patricia will soon learn to speak English, but there are some things school cannot give her, things that the other children have. She needs new shoes, decent clothes, money for school activities and school supplies—and for an occasional luxury such as a bracelet or a small toy. She needs the help of someone who cares... someone to give her the confidence and assurance she needs so desperately to participate in voluntary school and community services.

If not you...who?

You—or your club or office group—can give these things to Patricia or another needy Indian child through SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION. Your contribution of just $12.50 a month will provide a child with funds to buy suitable clothing, books and a cash allowance for school activities.

You will receive a photograph, a case history, and progress reports on the child you sponsor. You may also correspond with the child, so that your generous material aid becomes part of a larger gift of understanding and friendship. Won't you please help?

Founded 1932
SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION
Norwalk, Connecticut 06852

I wish to contribute $150.00 annually to help an American Indian girl ☐ boy ☐
Enclosed is my first payment:
$12.50 a month ☐ $ 75.00 semi-annually ☐
$37.50 a quarter ☐ $150.00 annually ☐
I cannot sponsor a child, enclosed is a contribution of $_____ NR-4-23-6

Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____ Zip No._____
Contributions are income tax deductible.

unattended a few feet from where Horacio, La Maga and their friends were intensely discussing the meaning of life. Because of her son's death La Maga left Paris and perhaps returned to Argentina (where she went is never explicit). Horacio goes back to Argentina to find her. But does he? Yes and no. He finds Traveler's wife, Talita, who isn't *really* La Maga, but looks like her, thinks like her, and Horacio even addresses her as La Maga.

Therefore, the characteristics and thoughts of the men and women in *Hopscotch* are superimposed one upon the other until there emerge different levels and currents of perception which, in turn, serve as catalysts affecting the perception of the reader. The reader becomes drawn into the processes of the book. Julio Cortázar somehow – and it is difficult to determine how, or even when this happens – establishes contact with the reader, a contact so personal that the reader becomes physically involved. There *is* a physical involvement, or how else does one explain the reader's willingness to play hopscotch with those back chapters of the book?

What is Horacio searching for? Gregorovius, a minor male character who serves in the dual role of Devil's Advocate and straight man to Horacio asks him:

"But what are you after with all that, Horacio?"

"The freedom of the city. . . . It's a metaphor. And since Paris is another metaphor (I've heard you say so sometimes) it seems perfectly natural that I came here for that reason."

"You," insisted Gregorovius, "have an imperial notion in the back of your head. Freedom of the city? Rule of the city. Your resentment: a half-cured ambition. You came here to find a statue of yourself waiting on the edge of the Place Dauphine. What I don't understand is your method. Ambition, why not? You're outstanding enough in some ways. But up till now all that I've seen you do has been just the opposite of what other ambitious people would have done . . . but without denying ambition. And that's what I don't understand."

"Oh, understanding, you know. . . . It's all very mixed up. Take the bit that what you call ambition can only be productive if it's denied. Do you like that formula? That's not it, but what I want to say is something really unexplainable. You've got to turn round and round like a dog chasing his tail. . . ."

". . . It's not a path, like Vedanta or things like that, I hope."

"No, no."

"A lay renunciation, could we call it that?"

"Not that either. I'm not renouncing anything. I simply do what I can so that things renounce me. Didn't you know that if you want to dig a little hole, you've got to shovel up the ground and toss it far away?"

"An ambition to clear the table and start all over again, is that it?"

"A little bit, a touch of that, just a hair, a drop. . . ."

What Horacio is searching for really is unexplainable. Each time he attempts to explain *what it is*, he ends up explaining *how to find it*. Throughout the novel the object of Horacio's search appears under various guises: "Freedom of the city"; "an ideal of purity"; a "Millenary Kingdom"; "that conciliation without which life doesn't go beyond being an obscure joke"; "a nonreligious sainthood, a state *without differentiation*, without saints"; "some grasshopper of peace, some cricket of contentment"; "the forgotten kingdom"; and, his best defined, "kibbutz of desire."

"Kibbutz of desire, a way of summing up closed in tight this wandering from promenade to promenade. Kibbutz: colony, settlement, taking root, the chosen place in which to raise the final tent, where you can walk out into the night and have your face washed by time, and join up with the world, with the Great Madness, with the Grand Stupidity. . . . Kibbutz of desire, not of the soul, not of the spirit . . . that vehement nostalgia for a land where life could be babbled out according to other compasses and other names. . . ."

Horacio's search does not follow com-

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pass directions. He is not searching for himself as an individual, "as a supposedly timeless individual," as a "historical entity," because he knows to do so would be a waste of time. Gregorovius was close when he asked Horacio whether his ambition was to start all over again. Horacio's search necessitates his attempts to isolate – never alienate – himself from others. He tries to reach "the dog or the original fish as a starting point for the march towards himself. . . . Search is just what it is *not*. . . . It's not a search because he has already found himself. Just that the finding has not taken any shape." Therefore, since it is not a search, it cannot be "a question of perfecting, of decanting, of redeeming, of choosing, of free-wheeling, of going from the alpha to the omega. *One is already there.* Anybody is already there. The shot is in the pistol; but a trigger has to be squeezed and it so happens that the finger is making motions to stop a bus, or something similar." The problem is, of course, that although Horacio does not intend to alienate himself from others, it does in fact occur because he is so totally absorbed in this search (or non-search) that he cannot enjoy an emotion without first examining it. "We could really have become friends," Gregorovius tells him, " if you had had something human about you." Babs, an unrestrained American contemporary of Horacio and Gregorovius, said about Horacio: "in all her lousy days she'd never met anyone as low, cold-blooded, bastardly, sadistic, evil, butcher, racist, incapable of the smallest kindness, trash. . . ." La Maga tells Horacio "You're like a witness. You're the one who goes to the museum and looks at the paintings. I mean the paintings are there and you're in the museum too, near and far away at the same time. I'm a painting . . . this room is a painting. You think that you're in this room, but you're not. You're looking at the room, you're not in the room." This is one of the symptoms of Horacio's isolation. He calls them "paravisions" and cultivates them. He strives for "an instantaneous aptitude for going out, so that suddenly I can grasp myself from outside, or from inside but on a different plane, as if I were somebody who was looking at me (better still – because in reality I cannot see myself – like someone who is living me). It doesn't last, two steps along the street, the time needed for taking a deep breath (sometimes when I wake up it lasts a little longer . . .) and in that instant I know *what I am* because I know exactly *what I am not.*"

Well, Horacio eventually does discover his kibbutz. He finds it in an insane asylum in Argentina where he, Traveler, and Talita work because it was bought by the manager of the circus. Horacio understands that Traveler is his *doppelgaenger* and that Talita is La Maga's. Horacio sets a trap for Traveler by leaning out of an upper story window. He is certain that Traveler will be sent to dissuade him from jumping. Horacio then forces an eerie psychological and physical confrontation with Traveler, because he knows that through Traveler he can reach his kibbutz, even though he isn't quite sure how. Afterward, Traveler seeing that Horacio never had any intention of killing himself, rejoins his wife, Talita, in the courtyard below. The asylum director's wife still attempts to lure Horacio away from the window by tempting him with a hot breakfast with nice, hot croissants, and says, "Shall we go make some coffee, Talita?"

" 'Don't be an ass', Talita said. And in the extraordinary silence that followed her admonition, the meeting of the looks of Traveler and Horacio was as if two birds had collided in flight and all mixed up together had fallen into square nine, or at least that was how it was enjoyed by those involved. . . . The harmony lasted incredibly long, there were no words that could answer the goodness of those two down there below, looking at him and talking to him from the hopscotch, because Talita had stopped in square three without realizing it, and Traveler had one foot in six, so that the only thing left to do was to move his right hand a little in a timid salute and stay there looking at La Maga, at Traveler, telling himself that there was some meeting after all, even though

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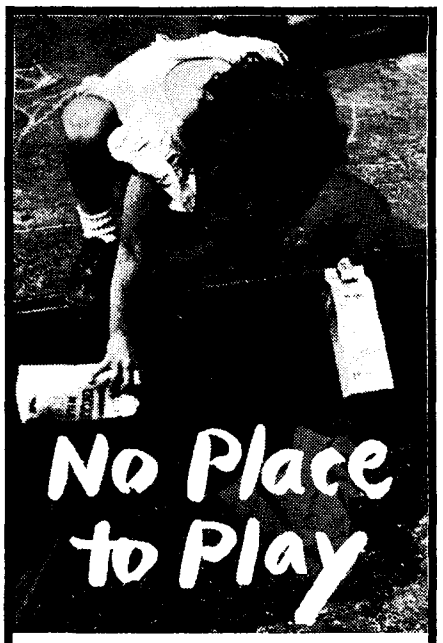

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it might last just for that terribly sweet instant in which the best thing without any doubt at all would be to lean over just a little bit farther . . . and let himself go, paff the end."

Hopscotch is divided into three sections: "From the Other Side," which covers the lives of Horacio and La Maga in Paris; "From This Side," Horacio's life with Traveler and Talita in Argentina; and "From Diverse Sides," the final section composed of the so-called "Expendable Chapters." It is this section which, according to the Table of Instructions, "the reader may ignore with a clean conscience." To do so would be a mistake; it is through these chapters that the reader's sense of personal involvement is accomplished. There are 98 "Expendable Chapters" but the majority of them are no more than a page long, some of them just a few lines from a newspaper clipping, a reference source, or one of Morelli's notebooks. The 98 chapters are inserted between the 56 chapters which make up book one. A reader could begin with book two (book two includes book one), but this will lessen the multidimensional effect gained by covering the material again. To ignore book two entirely, would involve missing the sequences with Morelli and his notes.

Julio Cortázar has absolute control of the craft. He is the master of the simile: "Oh, Maga, whenever I saw a woman who looked like you a clear sharp pause would close in like a deafening silence, collapsing like a wet umbrella being closed." He has delightful eye for detail: "[Horacio] spotted the posters of the Salle de Geographie and took refuge (from the rainstorm) in the doorway. A lecture about Australia, the unknown continent. A meeting of the disciples of the Christ of Montfavet, a piano concert by Madame Berthe Trépat. Open registration for a course on meteors. Win a black belt in judo in five months. A lecture on the urbanization of Lyons." (Horacio attended the concert by Berthe Trépat, and the account of the concert and what follows is perhaps the most brilliant and poignant writing to appear in this novel.) Cortázar can lend grace to the simplest acts as in this excerpt from Morelli's notebook on "forgotten gestures:"

> "Tonight I found a candle on a table, and as a game I lit it and walked along the corridor with it. The breeze stirred up by my motion was about to put it out, then I saw my right hand come up all by itself, cup itself, protect the flame with a living lampshade that kept the breeze away. While the flame climbed up again alert, I thought that the gesture had belonged to all of us for thousands of years, during the Age of Fire, until they changed it on us to electric lights."

His descriptive passages are clean and evocative: "Up above, under the lead gutters, the pigeons must have been sleeping, also lead, wrapped up in themselves, perfect antigargoyles." And when languages fail Cortázar (Latin, French, Spanish, Italian, and German words and phrases slip easily into and out of the narrative) he invents his own: Gligish, a cross between doubletalk and the Official Sex Manual: ". . . suddenly it was the clinon, the sterfurous convulcant of matericks, the slobberdigging raimouth of the orgumion, the sproemes of the merpasm in o..e superhumitic agopause." Cortázar uses a few other literary devices to augment his style. Most of them are successful. He occasionally writes in free verse, or he employs parenthetical asides, and even a shorthand reference to literature such as: "and a basic generalization had carried him off, etc. Retrospective jealousy, *cf.* Proust subtle torture and so on." At one point Cortázar uses numbered paragraphs to indicate degree of understanding between two men who are discussing La Maga. The numbers increase the more they attempt to understand La Maga which only carries them farther away. Another device is the use of *wh* before a word which makes the narrator self-conscious: "'Whunity,' whrote Whoracio. 'The whego and the whother.' He used this *wh* the way other people used penicillin. 'The whimportant thing is not to become whinflated.'" Don't worry, Cortázar does not use it too often.

One device was not successful, and it was not the author's fault but the fault of whoever at Pantheon designed the book. In an attempt to provide an in-

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sight into Horacio's mind as he reads a book left behind by La Maga, the author alternates lines from the book with what Horacio is thinking:

> In September of 1880, a few months
> AND the things she reads, a
> after the demise of my father, I de-
> clumsy novel, in a cheap edition
> cided to give up my business activi-
> besides, but you wonder how she
> ties trans-
> can get interested in

and so on. If the designer had used two different type faces (perhaps the novel Horacio is reading in the regular face and Horacio's thoughts in italics or boldface) there would have been no difficulty in reading this section the way the author intended.

An enormous share of the credit for this book must be given its translator, Gregory Rabassa. He may be forgiven for occasional lapses such as "Take the bit that what you call ambition" and "from the word go" because he has succeeded somehow in conveying Cortázar's exuberant style.

Hopscotch cannot be read through in a few sittings. The prose is far too rich. But it is worth it. It is worth it! Cortázar does succeed in making, as Morelli instructs, "an accomplice of the reader, a traveling companion."

Bon Voyage.

Casting the Runes

by Alex Campbell

Professor Organski has written what the Victorians called a Thoughtful Essay. With boldness and originality, and in plain compact prose, he handles the sort of large generalizations which delighted our grandfathers – things like: What is the Future of the State, and Can Democracy Survive? Grandpa exercised his mental muscles on such gym ropes and parallel bars, having no tele-

The Stages of Political Development
by A. F. K. Organski
(Knopf; $5.75)

vision with which to while away wet Sundays. Is this what is being taught as Political Science at the University of Michigan? If so, one wonders what this country's regiments of scholarly nitpickers will have to say about it.

They are bound to have a busy time with Organski's stages-of-political-development theories. He belongs to the school that believes history unfolds and, therefore, that by taking a really hard look at how we got where we are, we may (more or less) estimate where (other things being equal) we shall be a bit later. This kind of intelligent crystal-ball gazing doesn't profess to be scientific or even especially systematic, nevertheless Organski's numerous careful disclaimers (". . . conclusions are entirely premature. We understand too little of what has happened, and too much of the future is still beyond the horizon") won't save him from the nitpickers.

Despite them, Organski's methods are rather fun, and his thesis thought-provoking. Much too summarized, it's something like this: As far as statecraft is concerned, he says, most of mankind are still what he calls primitive unifiers. Some of us, however, have got as far as the welfare-state stage of political evolution. The way to it has been rough, whether by the capitalist route or the socialist dirt track. In 18th-Century England, peasants driven off the land to make way for sheep were herded in town factories that the Industrial Revolution providentially supplied. In 20th-Century Russia, Tolstoyan-type peasants were belatedly lashed up to Stalin's industrial flogging machine, in the brutal process known as "collectivization." (Organski quotes an effective passage from Koestler: peasants who had learned as children to read the time did manage to adapt, but those innocent of watches were more apt to be shot).

So far the tale has been one of crude exploitation, just the way Marx told it; but now comes the switch. Western capitalism, after screwing the workers, staved off revolution at home by raising living standards. Now Russian Com-

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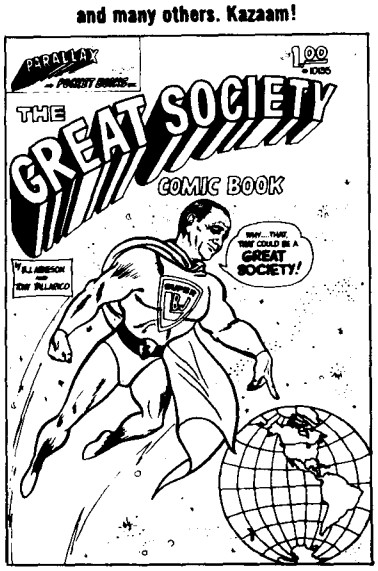

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munist bosses begin to do the same. Nikita Khrushchev, Organski points out, pinpointed Russia's quarrel with China when he said: "There are some people in the world who call themselves Marxist-Leninists and at the same time say there is no need to strive for a better life. According to them, only one thing is important – revolution." Not so. "The important thing is that we should have more . . . goulash, schools, housing and ballet."

And the future, it seems, just holds more of the same. Modern states, capitalist or socialist, will be run by handfuls of planning experts and skilled workers and technicians. The rest of us, even though we may actually be in the majority, won't even have to work and will constitute a leisured mass. Probably existing on large doles, Organski suspects.

This of course is Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World: soma* and circuses, in the century of Our Ford. But Organski puts it more definitely in terms of political and sociological trends, and strongly suggests as well that the real Brave New World will have more than a touch of George Orwell's *1984.*

For there will still apparently be war in that automated world of the not-so-distant future. Along with the growing heaps of goulash and the ever-upward-leaping gross national products, there will be vast arms budgets, which are "a major characteristic of stage-three governments, both democratic and totalitarian." Consequently, there isn't likely to be much democracy: comes the age of war and leisure, we will all do what we are told.

The real objection to Organski's large generalizations may be not that they're large but that they aren't large enough. For instance, he does ponder the possibility that countries may form big blocs in future (Orwell had the world of *1984* in only three groupings), but is apparently too "hard-nosed" to venture on "utopian" speculations about a politically unified world. He says nations that are faced with hard choices may break through and invent new forms; but makes it clear he is thinking only about the possibility of new forms of *national* politics.

Yet everything he says points clearly to either a unified world or probably total disaster. How many nuclear wars does he think an automated world can wage and not fall back into the Stone Age? The growing political unity he traces through his stages of development, and the concentrations of political and economic power he talks about, have gone hand in hand with geometrically expanding military power. This doesn't necessarily make statism or even welfare-statism obsolete – everything he writes about them seems sound; but the growing military hypertrophy makes the nation-state obsolete, or mankind extinct. But that may be the theme of an Intelligent Sequel.

Hemingway to His Boswell

by George Wickes

Hotchner's Hemingway reads like the script of a bad movie about The Decline and Fall of the Wounded Gladiator. Full of extravagant gestures, unlikely characters, preposterous adventures, not to mention Hemingway dialogue and Hollywood stars, it is nevertheless an authentic account of the last thirteen years of America's most famous writer.

Papa Hemingway
by A. E. Hotchner
(Random House; $5.95)

In 1948, A. E. Hotchner, then on the staff of *Cosmopolitan* magazine, was sent to Cuba on what proved to be a long and tough assignment. It lasted until Hemingway's suicide in 1961. Hotchner's original task was to prevail upon Hemingway to write an article on the future of literature. Hemingway kept putting it off, and what finally emerged two years later was a full-length novel, *Across the River and Into the Trees.*

Meanwhile Hemingway had taken to Hotchner and the assignment had grown into a friendship. But in a sense

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it always remained an assignment, with Hotchner keeping notes on their conversations and Hemingway making long distance calls whenever he felt he needed help or advice.

It was a demanding assignment, for Hemingway had his ups and downs and was a hard man to keep up with in either mood. Hotchner, who modestly keeps himself in the background, must have a considerable capacity for drink, late hours, and general wear and tear. During the years of their friendship he usually visited Hemingway once or twice a year, sharing his strenuous sporting life, fishing for marlin from the *Pilar*, betting on the horse races at Auteuil, hunting in Idaho, following the bullfights around Spain. On one occasion Hotchner found himself in the bullring as a spare matador in the company of the two greatest bullfighters in the world; fortunately his services were not required. The emotional demands were if anything more intense than the physical, for they continued night and day.

Hemingway soon took Hotchner into his confidence and made him a literary executor of sorts, commissioning him to tell the world everything he would not have time to put into writing. When he reminisced about earlier years, Hotchner took it all down. Eventually they decided to tape-record their conversations, with the result that much of the book is written in dialogue. It sounds like Hemingway all right, with some bad patches that make it sound all the more genuine.

It is unlikely that we shall ever get a better portrait of Hemingway as he was in his latter years. Hotchner is not only a good reporter, he is an intelligent admirer with an honest concern for presenting the man he observed. What emerges is a corrective to Lillian Ross' *New Yorker* profile on the one hand, and the hero-worship of the Sunday supplements on the other.

Homeric in his love of war and adventure, Gargantuan in his appetites, Falstaffian in his sense of fun, Hemingway also had his generous and loyal side, to which Hotchner does justice. His military exploits were legendary, and he relived those memories a good deal. "You know what the French call war?" he once asked Hotchner. "*Le métier triste*. You're looking at a

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man who's been shot at two years longer than General Grant."

Because so much about Hemingway's life is improbable, one scarcely knows how much to believe. Hotchner is discreetly skeptical about a few of Hemingway's amatory adventures, but tells some equally incredible stories about his dealings with animals, such as his conversation with a gorilla and a polar bear. "It's Indian talk," Hemingway explained, and anyone who takes Hotchner's word must believe him. "I'm part Indian. Bears like me. Always have." A good share of the book is written in that mixture of pidgin English and telegraphese.

The Indian and the warhorse is well represented, and the broken athlete's physical and emotional ills are fully reported. *Papa Hemingway* is less satisfactory on the writer for the good reason that most of his writing belonged to the past. Hotchner works a good deal of reminiscence into his chronicle, setting the record straight on a number of points and filling in the background on the early novels and stories, but very little of this is new and what Hemingway said to him on the subject of writing has appeared before, often in similar phrasing:

> "All good books have one thing in common – they are truer than if they had really happened, and after you've read one of them you will feel that all that happened, happened to you and then it belongs to you forever: the happiness and unhappiness, good and evil, ecstasy and sorrow, the food, wine, beds, people and the weather. If you can give that to readers, then you're a writer. That's what I was trying to give them in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*."

In another statement he makes the familiar parallel between writing and love-making:

> "There are only two absolutes I know about writing: one is that if you make love while you are jamming on a novel, you are in danger of leaving the best parts of it in the bed; the other is that integrity in a writer is like virginity in a woman – once lost, it is never recovered. I am always being asked about my 'credo' – Christ, that word – well, credo is to write as well as I can about things that I know and feel deeply about."

Through Hotchner he makes disparaging comments about critics, professors, and most contemporary writers. For those who make a specialty of Hemingway's psychology, there are some revealing remarks about his relations with his parents, wives, and children, his attitudes on war, death, and fear.

During the years that Hotchner knew him, Hemingway wrote two novels, *Across the River and Into the Trees*, which got very bad reviews, and *The Old Man and the Sea*, which won international acclaim and precipitated the overdue Nobel Prize. He also wrote *That Dangerous Summer*, the *Life* magazine serial about bullfighting, and *A Moveable Feast*, his reminiscences of Paris in the twenties, published after his death; both gave him great anxiety.

Hotchner has little to say about Hemingway's successes during this period and much to say about his defeats, for Hemingway talked to him increasingly about his troubles and worries. When *That Dangerous Summer* went out of control, Hotchner was called in to edit the manuscript and found Hemingway almost paralyzed with fear. He had always worried about his potency as a writer, and from this point on he was haunted by imaginary fears.

Le métier triste seems to be the proper description for Hemingway's calling at the end, a sad business. His last years are a melancholy record of progressive deterioration from bravado to desperation to delusion. At their last encounter a month before his death, Hemingway summed up his feelings in a lucid moment: "What do you think happens to a man going on sixty-two when he realizes that he can never write the books and stories he promised himself? Or do any of the other things he promised himself in the good days?"

Hotchner is a first-rate reporter and

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

C. D. B. Bryan *is the author of* P. S Wilkinson. George Wickes *is writing a book about the Americans in Pari which will be published next year by Doubleday.*

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skillful editor. His opening chapter catches the spirit of his subject, but elsewhere the book seems somewhat unglued, and at times he sounds too much like a straight man or a radio moderator feeding his celebrity with leading questions. *Papa Hemingway* is a valuable documentary but somewhat lacking in that vital element that Boswell was able to breathe into his entire work when he impregnated it with "the true Johnsonian aether." The tape recorder, one is relieved to discover, has not yet replaced the biographer.

ART

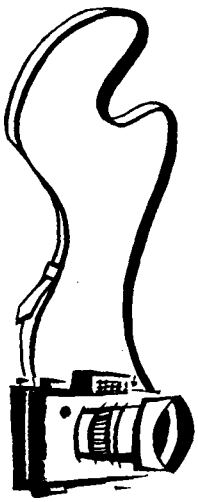
Printmaking Since Goya

Just ten years ago the Minneapolis Institute of Arts assembled a rich exhibition, *Prints: 1400-1800*. The Institute has now assembled the sequel, *Prints: 1800-1945*, which begins where its predecessor left off, with Goya.

Goya's position in both worlds is amply justified on technical grounds alone. A consummate master of the etching aquatint, the great Spaniard in his old age and self-elected exile in France took up the brand-new print medium of lithography and made it his own. One plate from the "Bulls of Bordeaux" series, made when the artist was almost 80, shows the same command on stone that he achieved on copper a third of a century earlier. Goya thus opened the new century as the leading master of both print media that were to figure so strongly in it. For once lithography became known, through such evangelizing efforts as *Specimens of Polyautography*, the new medium became dominant through the first half of the century, especially in France, where the lithograph came into the hands of its greatest and most distinctive master, Daumier. Later in the century the etching enjoyed a remarkable revival, with the formation of etching societies, some of which are still in existence in many cities on both sides of the Atlantic.

But there is another sense in which Goya is the first of the moderns, one which carries his influence well beyond the etchings and lithographs of the 19th Century into the 20th Century and into woodcuts, engravings and new media undreamt of when he died in 1828. Besides the Bordeaux lithograph, the Minneapolis show includes an etching and aquatint from the *Caprichos*, a macabre scene of salvaging gold teeth from the mouth of a hanged man, referring to the belief in their efficacy for witchcraft. The print is in the usual, dry, understated manner of Goya's dealings with the most outrageous "caprices" of humanity. That's one modern note. Although it is not without precedent in printmaking, most of the earlier interest in that darker side of life was expressed in woodcuts with their potential for bold, crude savage directness, rather than in the infinite delicacy of etching, the tonal subtlety of aquatint. Another modern note appears in the *Colossus*, the aquatint with which, if memory serves as it ought, the show ten years ago closed. The print is from the Metropolitan and is one of only six impressions. The handling of the medium was never more beautifully done for richness and volume and lights and darks. The great figure, body turned away from us, sits on an unidentified shelf or ledge, his face turned back, over his shoulder, with a look of utter bafflement beneath the pale light of crescent moon. The print can be interpreted personally as Goya himself, conscious of his great power yet imprisoned in deafness. But it also announces a major preoccupation of printmaking throughout the 19th Century and sustained so far in the 20th, a concern with the baffled strength of mankind, with frustrations and paradoxes, with intensities cut off from their expressions.

The theme, in its infinite variations, continues throughout the period of the show. Daumier, although lighter in heart, is concerned, in print after print, with such materials. The show includes the classically drawn *Rue Transnonian*,



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the senselessly slaughtered family, and the more free and easy lines of a representative selection of his caricatures and cartoons, among them the marvelous *Legislative Belly*.

Delacroix is seen in, among others, an eerie view of Macbeth and the witches. Charles Meyron transforms simple tourism into a view of a city strangely and ominously peopled with tiny and efficient workers at tasks you'd just as soon not know about.

That Goyaesque strain explodes in the 20th Century in many directions. Roualt's tragic clown of the *Miserere* is a descendant of the Colossus, shorn of strength, still baffled by life. The Germans are almost all Goya-people a hundred years later: Beckmann's self-portrait in a Derby, Lovis Corinth's worried look at himself, Otto Dix's brothel keeper, the "Melancholy" of Schmidt-Rottluff, the witches and old men of Klee, the oppressed women of Kollwitz.

All the time, of course, there is what Kenneth Clark, in a different context, called "an alternative convention," in this case the sheer elegance that is possible with the etched line and with the lithographic crayon. At its purest, perhaps, it is seen in Anders Zorn. But it exists to better effect in, for instance, Degas' quietly compelling view of Mary Cassatt at the Louvre; Cassatt's own color aquatint with drypoint, "La Toilette," very Japanese in feeling, though the media are peculiarly European; Whistler's views of the Thames and other places; nudes by Matisse and Derain; and, the latest example in the show, the superb abstract etching and engraving by Stanley William Hayter.

These two strains occasionally come together in a single print, the most effective being "The Kiss," the famous woodcut by Munch.

It would be oversimplification to say that printmaking from 1800 to 1945 falls readily into one or the other of these two sorts, but between them they do account for an awful lot of the better than 200 prints in the brilliant and instructive show at Minneapolis.

It will be there through May 8, after which it goes to St. Louis and then to the Achenbach Foundation for the Graphic Arts at the California Palace of the Legion of Honor in San Francisco.

FRANK GETLEIN

Correspondence

Freedom to Read

Sirs:

A "grim day in the temple of justice" it was indeed, but your solution ("Obscenity and the Law," April 2) – "holding that the First Amendment imposes on the federal government a more restricted definition of obscenity than it does on the states" – might well have portended a catastrophic leap backward!

To set a precedent at this late date permitting states to contend that the Bill of Rights apply with less force to them than the federal government would be to throw to the winds protections that have been realized only within the past five years.

Nearly 100 years have passed since the adoption of the Fourteenth Amendment, yet only recently has the Supreme Court seen fit to apply to the states, with the *full force* as applied to the federal government, many provisions of the first eight amendments. Perhaps most graphically, this trend is evident in cases concerning the rights of those accused of crimes.

To now permit the argument that the due-process clause of the Fourteenth Amendment does *not* require the states to toe the line by observing all the restraints upon the federal governmen (in those provisions that apply to th states) would be to do a disservice t the cause of justice.

What solution then? Easy. Apply th same standard of the First Amendmen to both federal and state governments What standard? Easy. No laws abridg ing speech or press except where th material is sought to be impressed upo an unwilling individual. Let the indivic ual listen to and read what he desire to consume.

Steven Kipperma
Berkeley, Calif.

In Reply:

The Supreme Court has never read th whole Bill of Rights into the Fou teenth Amendment. It has dealt wit the matter at retail, and will hopeful continue to do so. To apply any part the Bill of Rights to the states diffe ently than to the federal governmer

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would be catastrophic in any case in which there wasn't a good reason for doing so. In this case, we thought, there was. Mr. Kipperman thinks otherwise. The operative word in his reasoning is the word, "easy."

The Editors

Two Years in Dixie

Sirs:

The following reflections resulted from reading the articles "The Late, Great Society" and "Forcing Desegregation Through Title VI" (April 9).

My first week in Beaufort County South Carolina was begun on a hopeful note with the young heroes of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference as they were setting out on a training program to remedy the functional illiteracy of the South; that week ended with the Kennedy assassination and the beginning of the Johnson Era.

I have been trying to decide what improvements, if any, I have noted in the two years and almost five months that I have been here. The only thing that stands out is that two hundred and some Negro children applied for and received transfers to formerly all white schools for the year 1965-66.

It cannot be denied that without the impetus of Title VI this much would not have happened. But there the overt assistance of the Johnson administration and local officials ceases. It was the hard work of a very few Negro parents and leaders which convinced others to apply for transfers and which applied the pressure which resulted in the approval of the majority of requests. That Beaufort School District No. 1 has the second highest number of Negro students in formerly white schools, in the state, only shows how much worse off other areas must be. . . .

There has been little economic improvement among Negroes of Beaufort County, despite the passage of the Administration Economic Opportunity legislation. Nor has there been appreciable educational improvement under either the Manpower Development and Training Act or the Elementary and Secondary Education Acts. In the case of the former: skills without jobs are useless; the case of the latter two: the people who need the help are at the mercy of

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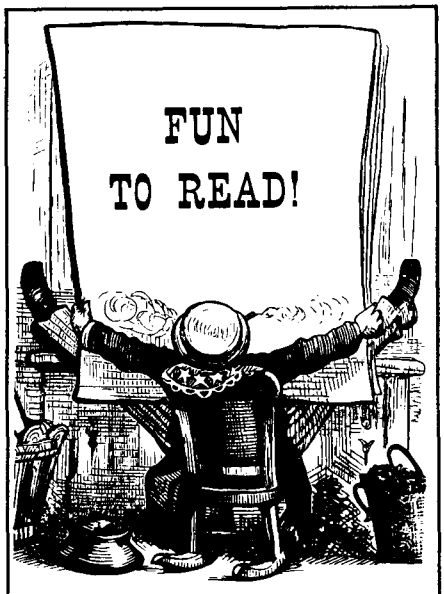

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the local administrators who are already convinced that federal aid has too many strings attached to it.

Unfortunately, the same attitude prevails with the hospital administrators who are running a fund-raising campaign at the present, rather than desegregate "their" hospital. The poor who need Medicare will be sacrificed to the expediencies of racism.

Head Start Programs were run in both school districts in the county this last summer but had no carry-over during the school year. . . . As a matter of course they were held in Negro schools, had an integrated staff, but were run by the white school administrators and had no white students. There would have been no Head Start at all in the larger part of the county, however, if a private, civil rights related, organization had not initiated the request.

A continuing example of the recalcitrance of Beaufort's officials: the same white school board of District No. 1 is proceeding merrily to construct another new school as a part of an existing complex which was "formerly," and still is, all Negro. Separate but unequal education may continue for some time with the aid of federal funds, because they did sign a "compliance" form for HEW in 1965. The new transfer period required to be completed by April 30 has not been announced at this writing.

Because there is little involvement of the poor, (mainly Negro), citizens: the Economic Opportunity Community Action Project has not yet even hired a staff, much less done the research necessary to find out how to combat poverty in the county. . . .

At this grass-roots level there is little to show, therefore, of the "Great Society." Whether Kennedy's "New Frontier" would have made any difference if it had continued is academic. I do know that the SCLC workers that dark day in November were sorely afraid that the new President might leave them as bad off as the last Johnson had and that their great-grandchildren would have to work on the same problems a hundred years hence. If the war in Vietnam reduces the amount available for "butter" legislation any further, their worst fears may yet be realized.

Chandlee White
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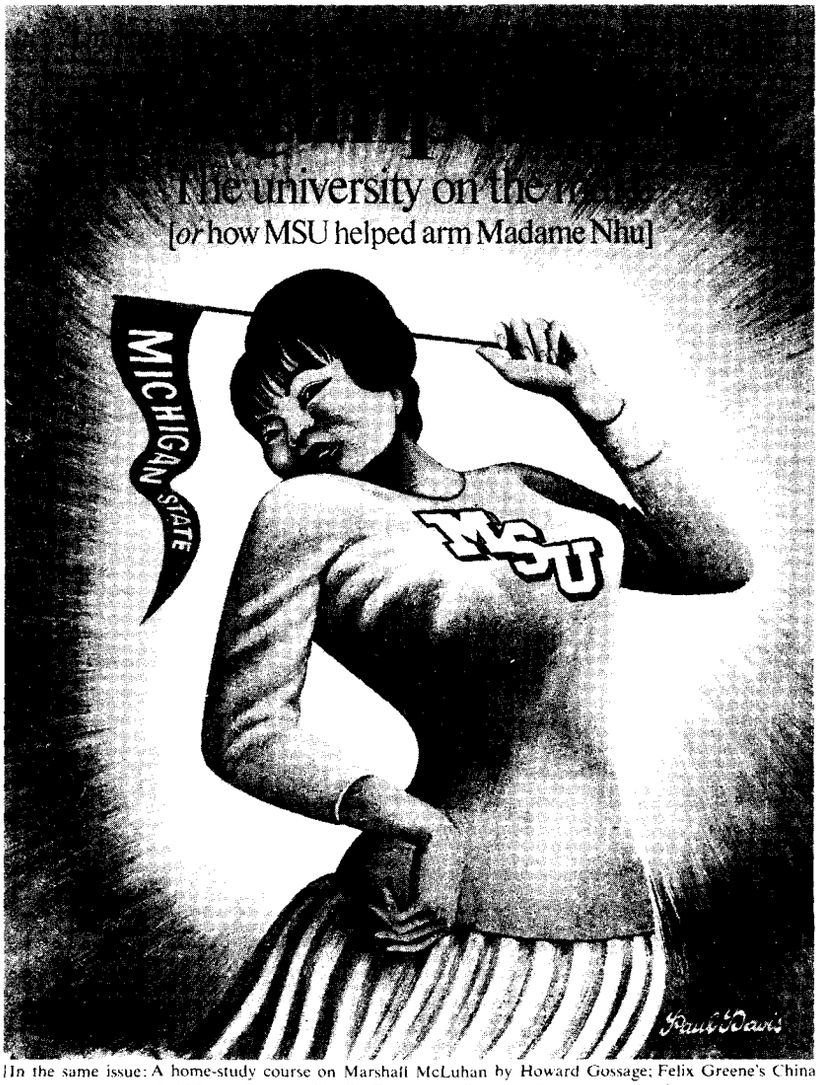

The study of a sellout. The April issue of RAMPARTS chronicles how and why Michigan State University abdicated its integrity in a calculated search for gold and glory in Vietnam; how it hired cops and CIA agents and gave them professorial status; why it bought tear gas, guns, grenades for Ngo Dinh Diem.

RAMPARTS documents what happens when any major university puts its academic credentials on lend-lease to American foreign policy.

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